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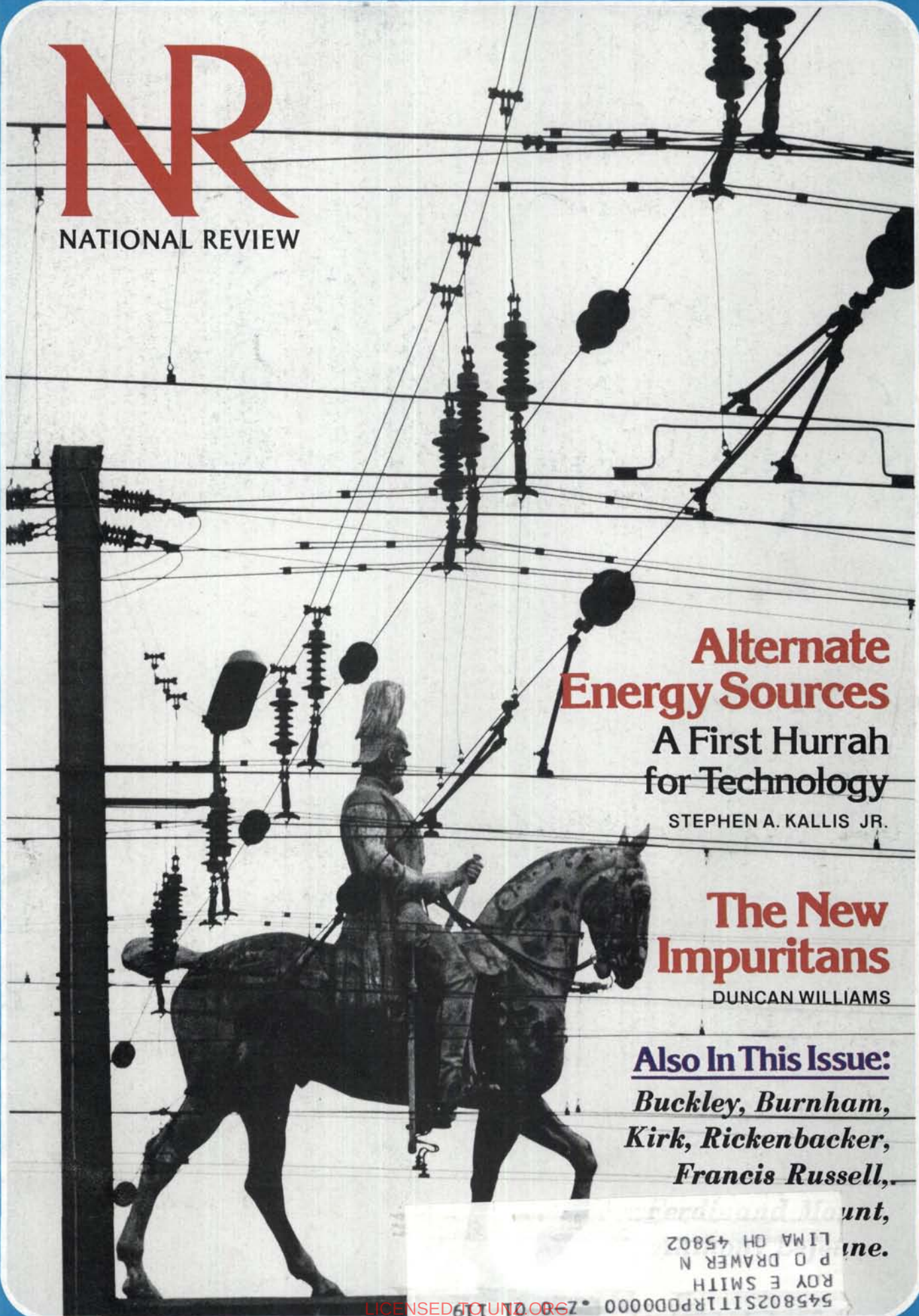

Alternate Energy Sources

A First Hurrah for Technology

STEPHEN A. KALLIS JR.

The New Impuritans

DUNCAN WILLIAMS

Also In This Issue:

Buckley, Burnham, Kirk, Rickenbacker, Francis Russell, ...unt, ...ne.

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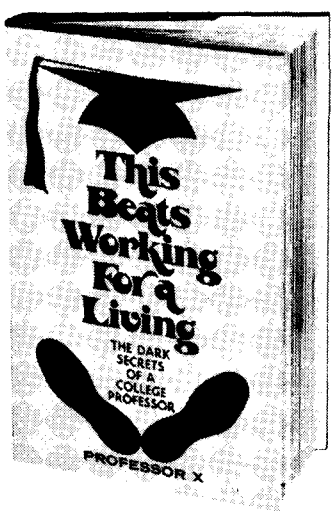

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This Beats Working for a Living is dedicated "to Hubert H. Humphrey who, after losing in 1968, became a professor—and thereby proved the correctness of my vote for Richard Nixon."

P. S. Who is Professor X? Someone you may have heard of. Someone distinguished. Someone so good at his job, so honest, that he can't bear the freeriders on the gravy train.

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- The subject in which male teachers "are frustrated females who need time to rethink their roles in life"
- "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach." And those who can't teach, teach teachers
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Letters

Leo Strauss, R I P

Bravo for the spread on Leo Strauss ["The Achievement of Leo Strauss," Dec. 7], and thank Heaven for his students: Did we really deserve having him and von Mises rewarded in the same month? Anent Werner J. Dannhauser's piece, however, I am not sure he really understands conservatives more than imperfectly, however well he may have understood Leo Strauss. The failure, for example, of conservatives to recognize the Sino-Soviet split was more the result of cautious pessimism than analytical error: True, we might have avoided the Vietnam war if we had abandoned Taiwan a decade ago. At one point Goldwater probably did have a chance—at least John Kennedy was supposed to have been worried: Was it absolutely predictable that the Johnson campaign would run the ad of the little girl deflowering the daisy bringing off, with the removal of the crucial petal, the *finis humanitatis*? And Eleanor Roosevelt deserved everything she got: It was her choice after all to joust in the political arena. The real question is why Nixon hasn't been subjected by the editors to a critical Straussian analysis.

New York, N.Y. ANDREW LOWIN

According to Scripture . . .

Please inform Mr. Taki Theodoracopulos ["Somewhere on the Road to Damascus," Nov. 9] that our Lord did *not* walk the sea of Galilee "to calm the troubled waters."

The miracle of walking the water (Matthew 14, 25) is quite distinct from the miracle of calming the storm at sea (Matthew 8, 26).

What would magazines like you do without people like me to keep you on the strait and narrow (Matthew 7, 13)?

Woburn, Mass. PIERRE H. BERUBE

On the other hand, what would people like you do without magazines like us to remind you that strait and narrow is Matthew 7, 14? —ED.

Halting Inflation

It was refreshing to read Mildred Adams' "A Proposal to Halt Inflation" [Nov. 23]. I would like to add a suggestion: that we, in this day of emphasis on educational relevance, begin teaching economics in our elementary and secondary schools. Newspapers and TV keep economic developments in the public eye, but how are they understandable when high school and even college graduates are baffled by the law of supply and demand and confused by the concept of a free market?

Let us start teaching capitalism as an economic system, and then proposals such as Miss Adams' will not seem revolutionary to the American people, but logical and practical as they in fact are.

Norfolk, Va. MARTHA D. BURGESS

Mildred Adams' "Proposal to Halt Inflation" seems sound in theory but raises many questions regarding implementation. It is true there are some highly successful companies sharing profits with employees. In retailing, Sears is the shining example. Sears is predominantly nonunionized. In manufacturing, Lincoln Electric is outstandingly successful. It practically drove GE and Westinghouse out of its product markets. Its employees share in its profits and are among the highest paid in the world. They do not belong to unions.

I wonder how Mildred Adams proposes coping with unions on profit sharing. I visualize strike threats and strikes over the distribution of income; quite a different issue than wages. Many companies have failed over the years not only from insufficient profits, but also because of failure to plow back enough into operations (e.g., *labor*-saving equipment) and product improvement and development. Can you picture a union agreeing to take a smaller share of profits so more can go into labor-saving equipment?

The Adams picture is pretty, but—back to the drawing board, please.

Pittsburgh, Pa. JAMES NEWMAN

Bless What There Is for Being

"I suspect that without some undertone of the comic,/genuine serious verse cannot be written today." Auden's works throughout his prolific career betray this suspicion, which he voiced in his last collection of verse. Jeffrey Hart's obituary ["W. H. Auden, R I P," Oct. 26] sadly failed to take this comic undertone of serious verse into account. Instead of focusing on Auden's continual stress on the blessings to be found by fallen man and on the possibility

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of final redemption—two concepts basic to a comic vision and extremely necessary in our day, when even the Church is too embarrassed to voice these beliefs—Mr. Hart compares W. H. Auden unfavorably and invidiously to Eliot, Yeats, and Pound. To say that Auden was not Eliot's successor is as unfair (and irrelevant) as to remark that Dickens wasn't Sam Johnson's.

To compound the injury of damning with slight praise—"It is enough to say that Auden wrote a handful of poems that will endure"—Mr. Hart cites as examples the Yeats elegy Auden kept revising, and two poems, "September 1, 1939" and "Spain 1937," which were suppressed, not for just "some reason," but because Auden thought them dishonest trash he was ashamed to have written.

If only the world had more civilized men of Auden's kind as civilizing forces we would have less of "the usual squalid mess called History:/ all we can pray for is that artists,/ chefs, and saints may still appear to blithe it."

Cambridge, Mass. ROSA CUMARE

Israel or Oil?

NATIONAL REVIEW's usually well reasoned editorials certainly took a drop to the bottom of the morass in "Turning On (Off) the Heat" [Sept. 28]. You proposed that we invade Libya and seize its oil, claiming that "national self-determination and territorial integrity . . . seem a flimsy pretext for an upstart despot's repudiation of his country's obligations." *His country's obligations!*

Does Cuba then have the right to seize the U.S., "not to *appropriate*" tractor parts, "but to guarantee [their] availability at the world market price"? The doctrines of the right to transact or *not* to transact business and the right of a nation to national self-determination and territorial integrity are certainly flimsy pretexts for an upstart republic's repudiation of its country's obligations.

Los Altos, Calif. WILLIAM F. MACDOUGALL

In the face of a clear, brutal threat of massive, unilateral Russian military intervention, the American Government imposed a settlement upon the Israelis that allowed the Arab armed forces to escape serious defeat. Far from bringing about a peaceful settlement this action left intact the Arab military machine so that in the next few weeks or months, when they and their Soviet sponsors feel confident of their strength, another massive assault can be launched against the state of Israel. It is a perfect situation for the Soviet-Arab alliance. If they are successful and Israel is defeated, then not only will the Israelis be slaughtered but Americans will suffer an irretrievable military-political setback. If the Arabs are in danger of losing, the Soviets will threaten, the Americans will deny Israel the opportunity for victory, and the Soviets still lose nothing.

New York, N.Y. DAVID HALPERN

Businessmen! (N.Y.C. Area)

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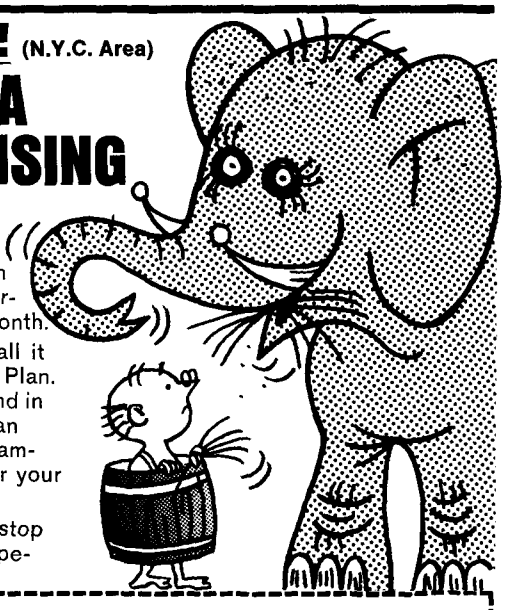

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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . an energetically American look at the energy noncrisis. Mr. **Stephen A. Kallis Jr.**, who will be remembered as the young man whose Law of Transportation Dynamics will take us beyond the SST (*NR*, April 20, 1971), has returned, to gainsay the doom-sayers. The energy shortage, he says, lies not in our star, which right this minute is producing unharnessed energy, but in ourselves. Mr. Kallis has his own computer—a PDP-8/E. . . . **Duncan Williams** is Professor of Literature at Marshall University, West Virginia. Professor Williams was born in Wales in 1927, went to a local grammar school, and served with the Royal Marines before attending Christ Church, Oxford. On graduating he spent three years in East Africa as a civil servant before embarking on an academic career. He has taught at a number of American colleges and universities. His next book, *To Be or Not To Be?*, will be published soon. . . . By the time subscribers receive this issue Christmas '73 may be one of last year's holy days—such is the state of the Post Office: see "On the Right"—in which case **Keith Mano**'s advice will have to wait until next year, when it will be no less valid. . . . An excerpt from George Gilder's *Sexual Suicide*, reviewed here by **Morton A. Kaplan**, appeared in our August 3 issue. . . . **Svend Petersen**, who does *NR*'s Trans-O-Gram, has a whole book of the puzzles just out—for readers who need more than *NR*'s fortnightly dose to keep them in suspended exasperation. Mr. Petersen was brought to America at the age of one by his parents who just missed taking the *Titanic*, a fact, Mr. Petersen suggests, some of his puzzlees may periodically regret. Mr. Petersen works on Capitol Hill for several congressmen and has had three books published. His Trans-O-Grams started appearing in *NR* in December 1963.

—DO

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Photo by John Lucas

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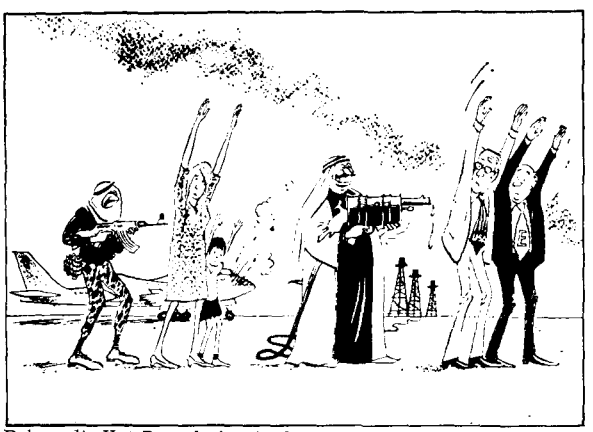
FOR THE RECORD

■ Voting against **Gerald Ford** nomination in the House Judiciary Committee were the nine hardline leftists: three members of the Black Caucus, **John Conyers** (Mich.), **Charles Rangel** (N.Y.), **Barbara Jordan** (Tex.); Californians **Don Edwards** and **Jerome Waldie**; **Robert Kastenmeier** (Wis.); the Rev. Rep. **Robert Drinan** (Mass.); and **Elizabeth Holtzman** (N.Y.)—all Democrats. Democrat **Jack Brooks** (Tex.), who voted to confirm, commented, "If Ford does become President he will be a vast improvement over the one we've got." . . . Idea that Ford might become President has set the nation's cartoonists to weeping. "I haven't got a good likeness yet," says **Don Wright** (*Miami News*); "if he becomes President life is going to be hell." A sentiment echoed by **Robert Pryor** (*N.Y. Times*), **Pat Oliphant** (*Denver Post*), **Jeff MacNelly** (*Richmond News Leader*). . . . On the Watergate front, the Executive Board of the **NAACP**, having reopened the question of impeachment, took the moderate course, put the question over to full board on January 7. . . . Not so the radical **International Union of Electrical Radio and Machine Workers** (IUE) which has come out not only for impeachment but disbarment as well. . . . Hard Left planning major Dump Nixon rallies in thirty cities Dec. 15. Spokesman for organizing group, the **Revolutionary Union** (RU), admits, somewhat incautiously, that they don't want to dump Nixon too fast, "we want to keep the crisis going." . . . It's the opinion of Sen. **Howard Baker** (R., Tenn.) that the Ervin Committee may never resume its hearings on Watergate, and the opinion of Special Prosecutor **Leon Jaworski** that the Watergate grand juries will be ready to decide on indictments shortly after the New Year.



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■ **AAA**, having toted it up, reports there were 22 per cent fewer fatalities on the highways over Thanksgiving weekend this year than last: 528 died this year as against 679 in '72. . . . The **Air Force**, which had shut down production lines for the controversial C-5A cargo plane, may open them up again: Without the C-5A, the emergency airlift to Israel in October would have been much more difficult if not impossible. . . . In Europe, the outgoing **Danish government** reported last week it was thinking of buying 70,000 barrels of oil from the Soviet Union at $30 a barrel, more than three times the current world price. . . . **Red China** has offered to sell some of its oil surplus to **Thailand**, according to Communist *World* (price unspecified). . . . **France**, which is not hurting for gas itself, reports a falloff in sales of French cars to **West Germany** of 30 per cent, to the **Netherlands** of 50 per cent. . . . In **Greece**, cars with odd number license plates can roll one Sunday, cars with even numbers the next. . . . And in **Rome** tourists on Dec. 2 were entranced by the topcoated, capped, and bescarfed gentleman who was driving his Roman chariot and two snow white horses around and around and around the Colosseum.

■ The **Shah of Iran**, who has not joined in the boycott, has called on Arab countries to put an end to it. "What," he asked in a newspaper interview, "have the Japanese done to the Arabs that they should be forced to lower their national production by 20 per cent?" . . . **Israel**, incidentally, is getting 40 per cent of its estimated oil needs from fields in the Sinai Desert captured during the Six Day war. . . . Forty-two **British MPs** have urged the UN to buy the Sinai and use it as a base for a permanent world police force. Question: From whom would the UN buy it? . . . Massive retaliation thought: How about canceling **Kuwait**'s brand new Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise?

■ A **Pentagon** study shows the POWs who returned to the U.S. after the January ceasefire have made "exceptional recoveries"; over 80 per cent of them are back on active duty. . . . **Radio Free Asia** continues to ask its Far Eastern listeners to send in any information they may have about the 1,300 U.S. servicemen still missing in the Indochina theater. . . . The **Community Churches of America Missing in Action** (MIA) **group**—P.O. Box 2181, Washington, D.C. 20013—has launched a Christmas appeal to both **Richard Nixon** and North Vietnam Premier **Pham Van Dong** urging them to make the search for the missing American servicemen, as provided in the ceasefire agreement.

■ Inscrutable Chinese Dept.: **Arlington House**, a conservative publishing firm in New Rochelle, N.Y., has just received its first order from Red China, for two books: 1) *America's Coming Bankruptcy*, 2) *Great College Football Coaches*.

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THE WEEK

■ Last week marked an important anniversary—forty years ago, at 1:32 P.M., EST, December 5, 1933, Prohibition ended. In this 13-year "noble experiment," we all learned, ineradicably and forever, that in free societies the government is literally incapable of suppressing a good for which a substantial market exists, and that by its efforts to suppress such markets, the government actually increased the production and consumption of the proscribed good, made it more profitable, and turned the whole business over to crooks, creating far more problems than there were in the first place. As H. L. Mencken noted at the time, "All the great villainies of history have been perpetrated by sober men, and chiefly by teetotalers." By the way, next week we mark the fortieth anniversary of forgetting all the lessons of Prohibition.

■ Senator George Aiken (R., Vt.) recently remarked that Congress ought to impeach the President or "get off his back." The House Judiciary Committee is replying, like the woman in Prufrock: "That is not what I meant at all. That is not it, at all." Under a weak chairman, Representative Peter Rodino of New Jersey, and with 16 of its twenty Democratic members identified with the left wing of that Party, the Committee plans to spin out its hearings for almost a year, until next *October*. Not surprisingly, the October concluding date carries the hearings to the threshold of the 1974 elections. Not surprisingly, either, a majority of the Committee has indicated that it would be prepared to recommend impeachment for noncriminal as well as criminal offenses.

■ The Libertarian Task Force, a research organization concerned with the relationship between the private citizen and his government, has joined forces with the American Conservative Union to produce a report rating senators in terms of spending the taxpayer's money. The Fiscal Impact Rating considered both the senators' actual votes and the bills they introduced or cosponsored. The ratings went from zero to one hundred. Most of the senators were in the 30s and 40s. The lowest spender was William V. Roth (R., Del.) with a zero rating. In the 20s were Cotton, Bennett, Byrd (Va.), Buckley, Allen, and Hansen. In the 80s and 90s were a handful of liberals, including Republican Javits, Democrats McGovern, Kennedy, Cranston, and Tunney. And, tied with a rating of 100: John Pastore and Hubert Humphrey.

■ Separating fact from opinion: *Newsweek* reported in its November 5 issue that 350 of four hundred Duke law students had signed a petition demanding the removal of President Nixon's portrait from the school's courtroom; a letter from two Duke students, in the December 10 issue, pointed out that the real figure was 182 out of 466. "Apparently," remarked the two, "some people are willing to distort facts while decrying the Administration for allegedly doing the same."

■ Trouble in paradise. While Taiwan's economy is booming, Communist China's is something of a bust. It's moving forward, as one Maoist puts it, in "the small paces of women hobbling with bound feet." According to monitors in Hong Kong, there isn't a shortage of culprits. Throughout China, radio broadcasts are haranguing "capitalist tendencies" and bloated Party leaders who are "afraid of difficulties and hardship." And if Lin Piao ever comes back to life, the "superspy" and "bourgeois conspirator" had better not visit China. As the broadcasts increase in frequency and ferocity, many China watchers are expecting another Cultural Revolution.

■ Italy, like the Netherlands, Belgium, West Germany, Luxembourg, and Switzerland, has instituted carless Sundays. However, unlike their neighbors, the Italians also have a food crisis—and no one to blame but themselves. A few months ago, hoping to halt inflation, the government froze prices on basic food items, and ever since there has been a shortage of pasta. Last week grocery stores were out, and restaurants had to remove pasta dishes from their menus. What are the Italians to do? No Fiat, no spaghetti, and it's unseasonably cold. Good idea, but the museums have to close early—personnel shortage. Left few alternatives, Italy's newspapers have had no trouble predicting the most popular activity: "Lent on the roads, carnival in bed" is how one paper phrased it: A baby boom is expected next year.

■ Forced by the Russians to choose between *Ostpolitik* and West Berlin, Willy Brandt has made his decision: *Ostpolitik*. Two times the former mayor of West Berlin told the Soviets that he wouldn't sign "any agreement which does not preserve the interests of Berlin." The Soviets responded to the bold display by threatening to resume stringent control of the access routes to the city

(*Continues on page 1391*)

I Was an 'A' Card Holder

I'll freeze for now and sweat in June.
  I'll throw away my Waring blender.
I'll knit myself a wool cocoon
  And huddle by the fire fender.
At three below, I'll run in place.
  I'll learn to live with Nordic fashions.
But I'm too old to have to face
  Ten thousand bureaucrats with rations.

W. H. VON DREELE

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A report on equal opportunity employment policies and practices at General Motors.

In General Motors we have coupled our commitment to equal opportunity with extensive programs of training and development. Their purpose is to enable our employes—minorities, women and others—to take better advantage of the opportunities which await them in our organization.

One of our difficulties in recruiting more minority employes and women is that many of GM's white-collar jobs require some engineering and technical training. Traditionally, however, few minorities or women have studied engineering. So, even as we recruit intensively at institutions with engineering and technical curricula, including predominantly black and women's colleges, we must take other, more direct, steps to qualify more minorities and women for engineering jobs.

For example: General Motors maintains and operates a five-year cooperative engineering college: the General Motors Institute in Flint, where today 3,000 students are earning degrees, most of them in engineering and industrial administration. They alternate periods of study at the Institute with paid work assignments at GM divisions. One of the great advantages of the GMI system is that its graduates are assured good management or professional jobs and an opportunity to progress at General Motors. The entrance requirements at GMI are stiff. They compare with those at the best engineering schools in the country. A pre-freshman program has been established to qualify applicants who were not able to receive adequate preparation for engineering studies in high school. Currently, 88 minority students and 31 women are in this program. This is paying off in the number of minority and women students at GMI. Eight

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years ago we had only 13 minority students at GMI. Two years ago we had 167. This year we have 412.

There are relatively few women graduate engineers. Last year, for example, in the entire United States only 493 bachelor degrees in engineering were conferred upon women. They represented 1.1% of the total bachelor degrees earned in engineering during 1972.

Last year 112 women were enrolled at GMI. This fall, there are 247 women, 8.3% of the total GMI enrollment.

We expect—indeed we know—that these young men and women will be among the managers of General Motors in the years to come. All that is needed is their continued efforts, our continued resolve, and time.

Several programs have been established throughout the Corporation to assist employes who may wish to continue their formal education. GM has a Tuition Refund Plan and a Graduate Fellowship Plan which last year refunded $2.9 million to employes who completed courses in recognized educational institutions. And we place special emphasis on increasing the number of minority and women employes in skilled trades. Pre-apprentice training programs at many GM plants develop the technical skills of prospective candidates for skilled-trade apprenticeships.

By such efforts, we are making long strides in short time. We are bringing minorities and women into General Motors, placing them in the mainstream of opportunity, and training, educating, and preparing them for higher positions. Our goal is nothing short of full equality of opportunity throughout our organization—and we are moving toward this goal.

Several years ago we made a significant shift in our thinking. We had always been against discrimination, but we decided then that just to be *against* was no longer enough. We chose a more positive, more affirmative role. We committed the Corporation to work not only to prevent discrimination, but to promote equal opportunity in employment. Then, and since then, we have made it very plain that it is the continuing policy of General Motors to provide equal opportunity for every American in every area of our business.

We are convinced that this policy—positive rather than negative, active rather than passive—is the right one. It is right because it not only fulfills the let-

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ter of the law, but reaches to the spirit of our American commitment to equality.

Our record at General Motors has a special quality enhanced by GM's tradition of success. General Motors is successful because it applies rigid standards for advancement to all employes. The rewards and incentives are high, and so are the standards of performance necessary to achieve them. When an employe progresses in General Motors, he or she can be sure that recognition has been earned. Everyone who knows General Motors knows this is so.

Here are a few figures. The percentage of minority employment in GM grew from 11.2% of our U.S. work force in 1965 to 16.7% by the end of 1972. And since then, the 16.7% has climbed to over 17%.

This is progress, and significantly the gains of minorities in white-collar jobs have been more rapid. Minority Americans in these jobs increased from 1.7% in 1965 to about 4.7% in 1971. Just a year later, the 4.7% became 7.1%, and today the percentage of minority employes with white-collar jobs in General Motors is over 8.4%.

In 1965, women accounted for 12.9% of our work force. By December 1972, the number had increased to 13.9%, and today the percentage of women in the GM work force is 15.1%. Of the managers, technicians and professionals at GM in 1965, eleven hundred were women. By the end of 1971, the number had increased to 1600, and as of the end of last year the number was 2800. And since then, it has climbed to 3900.

Percentages and numbers are cold, but these represent in General Motors 113,000 minority Americans and 97,000 women earning for themselves and their families the employment opportunity they deserve. They are more than numbers—they are real human stories—over 210,000 of them. And the number is growing every day.

And every job in General Motors, white-collar or blue-collar, is a good job. The average hourly employe who works in our plants earns more than $12,500. Their wages alone—not counting fringes—place these employes in at least the upper one-fourth income bracket in the United States.

We know that equal opportunity in employment is not up to the employe alone. The person who does the hiring and the promoting is crucial. So we train not only employes, but we train mana-

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gers as well. We teach them how to take positive action to speed upward mobility throughout the Corporation.

In January 1972, this message was given to our Personnel Directors: "As you are all aware, the policy of General Motors Corporation is that everyone will be given an equal opportunity in employment without regard to his or her race, religion, or national origin. This is the policy of General Motors, and every member of management must implement this policy.

"Now, there may be many personal prejudices in connection with this problem. These are being expressed in different ways throughout the country, and each person is entitled to his own opinion. However, the position of GM in these matters is unmistakably clear: there is no room for prejudice in General Motors —and we mean just that. If we have any person at management level in any GM facility who cannot function within this policy, or is not giving it full attention, then he will simply no longer be able to work for General Motors."

We are making progress, but the effort is hard. Progress does not come easily. It requires hard work and dogged dedication—day after day. But it is worth the effort. Minorities and women in General Motors are earning their way to economic equality, gaining—day by difficult day. They are getting there—surely. A number of minorities and women are now in top positions. Hundreds more are just below them, and thousands more a level down, and throughout the Corporation there are more than a hundred and thirteen thousand minority Americans and ninety-seven thousand women—all working, all earning opportunity.

No one can doubt the commitment of General Motors to full employment equality. Neither should anyone doubt the certainty of its eventual achievement.

GM cares about cars. GM cares about people too.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

General Motors

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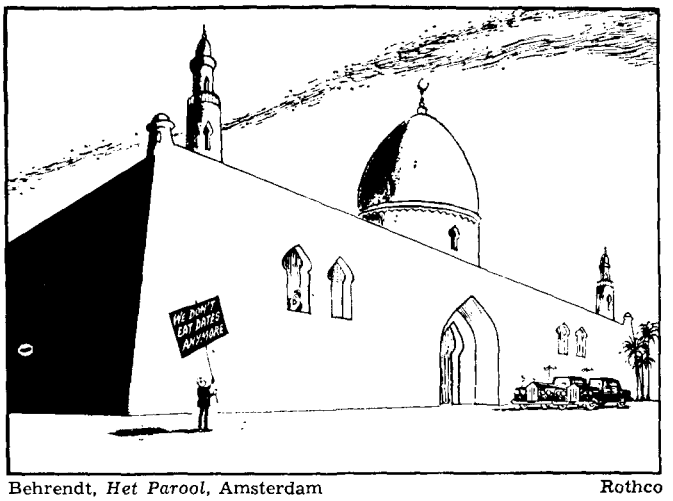
110 miles inside East Germany (last month the entry fee was doubled to cut down on Western visitors). The pressure worked and the noble Laureate accepted Moscow's assurances that the question of West German representation of West Berlin could be settled next year—in Moscow. On December 11, Brandt flies to Prague to sign the treaty instituting diplomatic relations. The *New York Times* sums up Brandt's achievement: "A blow has been dealt at West Berlin's long-run chances for survival in freedom, the effectiveness of the four-power Berlin agreement is put in question, and the stature of Willy Brandt [is] materially diminished."

■ Showing some imagination, Western Europe is abating some of its energy problems by burning garbage to generate steam. Showing even more imagination, an American company has unveiled a gasoline-powered pogo stick that can travel at 2.1 miles per hour and get 565,000 hops to a gallon.

■ 'TIS THE SEASON DEPT: According to *U.S. News & World Report*, Mao Tse-tung recently told visiting diplomats that he is very ill, and that "I have an appointment with God."

■ Reasoning from the obvious to the irresistible, thus Gore Vidal in a *New York Review of Books* piece on Howard Hunt: "Since it is now clear to everyone except perhaps Earl Warren that Oswald was part of a conspiracy, who were his fellow conspirators? Considering Oswald's strenuous attempts to identify himself with Castro, it is logical to assume [sic] that his associates had Cuban interests. But which Cubans? Pro-Castro or anti-Castro? . . . Also, most intriguingly, Oswald visited Mexico City in September 1963, when . . . HH was chief of the CIA station there. Finally, Oswald's widow tells us that he took a potshot at the reactionary General Walker, the sort of thing a deranged commie would do. Was he then simply a deranged commie? The right-wing Cubans and their American admirers certainly want us to think so. . . . Now for the shooting of George Wallace. It is not unnatural to suspect the White House burglars of having a hand in the shooting. . . . But have the horrors ceased? Is there something that our rulers know that we don't? Is it possible that during the dark night of our empire's defeat in Cuba and Asia the American story shifted from cheerful familiar farce to Jacobean tragedy—to murder, chaos?" You know my methods, Watson; apply them.

■ Three developments in the educational field in the last couple of weeks: 1) The National Commission on the Reform of Secondary Education, financed in large part by the Kettering Foundation, has come up with the revolutionary recommendation that states lower their compulsory school attendance age from 16 to 14. "If the high school is not to become a custodial institution," the report said, "the state must not force adolescents to attend." Contending that many problems in high schools



Behrendt, *Het Parool*, Amsterdam — Rothco

Firm answer to the boycott . . .

are caused by the presence of teenagers who do not want to be in school, it suggested that they be allowed to leave and that states also amend their laws to allow 15- and 16-year-olds to go into on-the-job training programs. 2) The faculty at the University of California at Davis has voted down the proposal by the Chancellor and the faculty committee that a mark of "no record" be substituted for the "F" failure mark. And 3) an article in the Fall issue of *Educational Record* shows that students given "Pass-Fail" grades in college are finding it harder than students who were rated on performance to get into graduate schools because of the difficulty in evaluating their records.

■ Last August a New York State civil law on pornography was held unconstitutional by a lower court on the grounds that, although the films in question were clearly obscene and patently offensive, the law was overbroad in its provisions. There was no evidence, the court said, "to enable the court to gauge the contemporary standards of the community." No matter, said Justice McGiven overturning the lower court's decision: "The multiple and variegated ultimate acts of sexual perversion would have been regarded as 'obscene' by the community standards of Sodom and Gomorrah." No doubt, but are we willing to accept the implicit premise—that New York's standards are higher?

■ Good news for those of you involved in medicine, higher education, TV news, the military, organized religion, the Supreme Court, Congress, the press, major companies, or organized labor. According to a recent Harris poll, people have more confidence in you now than they had last year. For those of you in the "Executive Branch of Federal Government" we have nothing to relieve the gloom: Only 19 per cent of those polled had confidence in your line of work, down from 27 per cent last year. In fact, of 22 public and private institutions, the White House ranked last in public confidence, almost exactly at the other end, in public esteem, from trash collection agencies, which came in second from the top.

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■ It is revealed that the Library of Congress has a dirty book section, under lock and key, but nonetheless open to the public. "It is a part of the literature of our time, a sample of what is going on in a particular culture, and we have to cope with it," says an official. So far nobody in the fuel conservation bureaucracy has proposed putting the porn up front and heating the Library with heavy breathing, but it's worth a try.

■ THAT'S THE WAY TO GO, COMRADE. The death of Pablo Neruda, as recounted by Phillip Bonosky in the Communist *Daily World*: "As he lay dying the greatest poet of our age rose from his bed of pain and delivered a curse on the betrayers of his country that will yet scar their corrupted bones. 'Voracious hyenas,' 'hellish predators,' 'rodents gnawing,' 'satraps who have sold out a thousand times.' Then he cursed them. And he named them: Nixon. Frei [former Chilean president]. Pinochet [junta chief]. He pronounced anathema on them. He indicted them: 'Prostituted vendors of the North American way of life,' 'pimps for the whorish bosses.' He hurled his contempt for them with his last breath."

Energy Economics

Economics has been modestly defined as the study of how scarce resources are allocated among alternative uses. It is therefore natural that economists are being consulted on how to spread the oil around, and they are not at all shy about putting their suggestions into print.

Paul Samuelson, author of the best selling economics text ever, is opposed to relying totally on a price increase to match demand with supply. Citing the Irish potato famine as an analogy, Samuelson notes that demand for wheat did fall and that supplies subsequently rose with rising prices, but millions who couldn't afford the higher prices died of hunger. President Nixon is criticized for "taxing our limited supply of patriotism and civil altruism," and relying on "congestion rationing" (waiting in line on Saturday night). Professor Samuelson shares the view of his MIT colleague **Morris Adelman** that multinational oil companies are tax collectors for the OPEC cartel: The lion's share of the proceeds from contrived scarcity abroad goes to the governments of the oil producing countries. Samuelson suggests that oil consuming countries combine against being picked off one by one and provide "premium payments to Iran or Iraq or any other source that will supply oil when others won't." For the immediate problem, Samuelson prefers rationing of gasoline and fuel oil, with legally salable ration tickets (this is "mathematically equivalent" to higher taxes, he explains). "Oil prices to producers should be allowed to rise," says Samuelson, "but in limited degree."

Few other economists seem inclined to give even this restricted role to rationing. A *New York Times* survey of 23 leading economists found "a consensus view, though not unanimous, that rationing of gasoline and other energy would not be effective. . . . The point was repeatedly made that controls had certainly become counterproductive, holding down the expansion of supplies in areas where shortages of materials were becoming severe. . . . Only two of those surveyed recommended retention of formal controls next year." Even **John Kenneth Galbraith** has written that "controls should not be used where price increases are caused by an excess in aggregate demand or a shortage in the specific supply."

Milton Friedman argues that coupon rationing is as much of a burden on the poor as letting prices rise, and only the price increase can provide the incentive and capital to increase supplies. If each family is allotted 15 gallons a week at a fixed price of 45 cents, when the free market price might have been 75 cents, that is sending everyone a check for $4.50 a week (30 cents times 15 gallons) and financing the payment by a tax on the oil industry. "Is there anyone," asks Friedman, "who would favor such a national dividend, distributed regardless of need? If there is such a person, would he favor having its size determined solely by the price of gasoline?"

Paul McCracken, former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, worries that rationing would bring pervasive corruption and graft: "Those possessing the authority to grant favorable decisions possess something of great value, and there will be growing numbers who are willing to pay the price." **Henry Wallich** of Yale points out that rationing can only postpone an inevitable rise in gasoline prices, needed to finance new supplies. Food amounts to 22 per cent of the typical family budget, Wallich notes, while gasoline amounts to only about 2.7 per cent. Yet we didn't ration food during the food shortage, but instead let the price rise, by about one-fifth (which brought forth the new supplies that are now easing food prices).

Marc Roberts of Harvard notes that much energy (about 40 per cent) is consumed in the production process, rather than by households directly. "The energy-intensive goods in our society are basic materials, which consumers don't purchase directly," says Roberts. "We buy our aluminum in beer cans and storm windows. As a result, the role of energy costs (direct and indirect) in most consumer goods is less than 2 per cent. A doubling of energy prices would produce a readjustment in consumer prices well within the range of recent price behavior. As a nation we have had considerable experience with energy cost variations of this general magnitude. Today residential electricity varies in cost from $6.65 per 500 kwh in Seattle to $20.67 per 500 kwh in New York. . . . We have managed to adjust to such energy price and cost variations without suffering disastrous dislocations."

W. Philip Gramm of Texas A&M compares the petroleum situation to the pre-Civil War shortage of whale and sperm oil for lighting: Prices rose sharply, and so did supplies and new substitutes. "Estimates of how much the demand for energy sources would decline in a period less than one year, if prices rose by 1 per cent, range from roughly 0.2 per cent to 1.2 per cent," according to Professor Gramm. "Estimates of how much the quantity supplied would rise in the same period, if prices

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rose by 1 per cent, vary from roughly 0.6 per cent to 2 per cent." So, even if "demand exceeds supply by 20 per cent at the current price, we might expect a price rise of less than 14 per cent." Other steps suggested by Professor Gramm include allowing offshore drilling while making firms liable for oil spills, instituting higher electricity prices at peak times, and informing society about the increase in energy prices. General Lincoln, as Director of OEP, estimated that the new auto emission standards alone increased gasoline consumption by about 300,000 barrels a day—more than the total savings hoped for through banning outdoor lighting and Sunday gasoline sales and reducing speeds to 50 mph.

Clearly, most economists agree that low energy prices encourage waste and discourage production, and many are not convinced that even the poor benefit from waste and low production. Yet natural gas prices have been kept below free market levels since 1954, heating oil prices were essentially frozen at off-season lows from August 1971 until March 1973, and gasoline prices were kept at historically low levels until September 1973. Some costs of foreign oil and refined products were passed on to the wholesale level, but that rule mainly benefited foreign suppliers. By October 1973 the consumer price index for gasoline still stood below the June 1971 average for other prices, and 11.5 percentage points below the wholesale index for petroleum. Refineries' profits were at a record low level of 7.2 per cent of sales in 1972, compared with 11.2 per cent in 1966, and petroleum distillate exports were only a fourth of the 1971 level. This makes reported percentage increases in profits and exports between 1972 and 1973 very misleading. Petroleum exports, incidentally, are mostly coke, lubricating oils, and very high-sulphur residual oil.

A few economists, and many journalists, imply that higher gasoline taxes somehow hurt less than an equivalent increase in prices. But we have a fair chance of buying increased supplies of oil at higher prices, while higher taxes only buy more government. Petroleum simply can't be extracted and processed from costly sources—oil shale, tar sands, and heavy oil—unless the higher costs can be reflected at each stage of production and distribution. The Department of Interior has a prototype plan—on paper—for extracting 250,000 barrels a day from oil shale, but it would require a billion dollars in the next ten years and "the feasibility of providing adequate incentive and reducing the uncertainties inherent in petroleum exploration are not known." Occidental Petroleum claims to have a method of extracting oil from hard shale—blasting a chamber and heating the oil out of surrounding rock—at a low operating cost of $1 a barrel. But the technique "would involve a huge capital investment," according to the London *Times*, "far beyond the capacity of Occidental, or the oil industry." How this sort of thing is going to be possible without the oil companies' accumulating very sizable profits has yet to be explained by those who favor price controls and an excess profits tax.

In the first quarter of 1974, petroleum supplies are expected to fall about 3 million barrels a day short of projected demand of 19.7 million barrels. That is still 2 million barrels a day more than the average use through 1970, and hardly comparable to the Irish potato famine. The gasoline shortage was only 7 per cent until politicians arbitrarily decided that heating oil was more "essential." They did the same in November 1972, only to find themselves pleading the following March for stepped-up gasoline production at the expense of fuel oils. There is only about a 5 per cent range within which this tradeoff is possible anyway.

A *New York Times* reporter, Edward Cowan, worries that in a free market "some regions would get plenty of gasoline and some would run dry, some families would get all the heating oil they wanted and some would get none . . . some factories would go to a twenty-hour week (and half pay) and others would put their workers on overtime." Apparently we are to believe that entrepreneurs, in their search for eager customers, would never think to move resources from areas of relative abundance to areas of shortage. It is obviously time to get economic policy out of the hands of reporters and opinion pollsters, and into the hands of specialists. If economics is intuitively obvious, why do we bother to teach it?

In the 1967 edition of Paul Samuelson's text, which often conflicts with his policy advice, he put it as well as anyone: "Goods are always scarce, in the sense that there is never enough to give everyone all he wishes. Price itself is always rationing scarce supplies: rising to choke off excessive consumption in order to expand production. Even in peacetime, when there arises any kind of emergency or state of general shortage and inflation, political pressures for wage and price freezes develop. Experience has taught most economists, whether they be liberals or conservatives, that such emergency measures create more and more distortions the longer they are in effect."

Canto 476: Rose Mary Woods

Someone, it is clear, erased those 18 minutes of conversation on the White House tape, the segment between Nixon and Haldeman that happened to contain all references to Watergate on that reel.

Miss Rose Mary Woods, who has been Richard Nixon's personal secretary for over twenty years, and also an intimate of the Nixon family, first said that she had erased the portion accidentally while transcribing the reel. She later drew back a bit from that explanation: "People keep telling me I must have." She also expressed the view that she did not see how she could have been responsible for erasing the entire 18-minute segment. The tape is now being examined by technicians in New York but, whatever such examination shows, few at this point would disagree with the following statement: The accidental erasure of just that 18-minute sequence would

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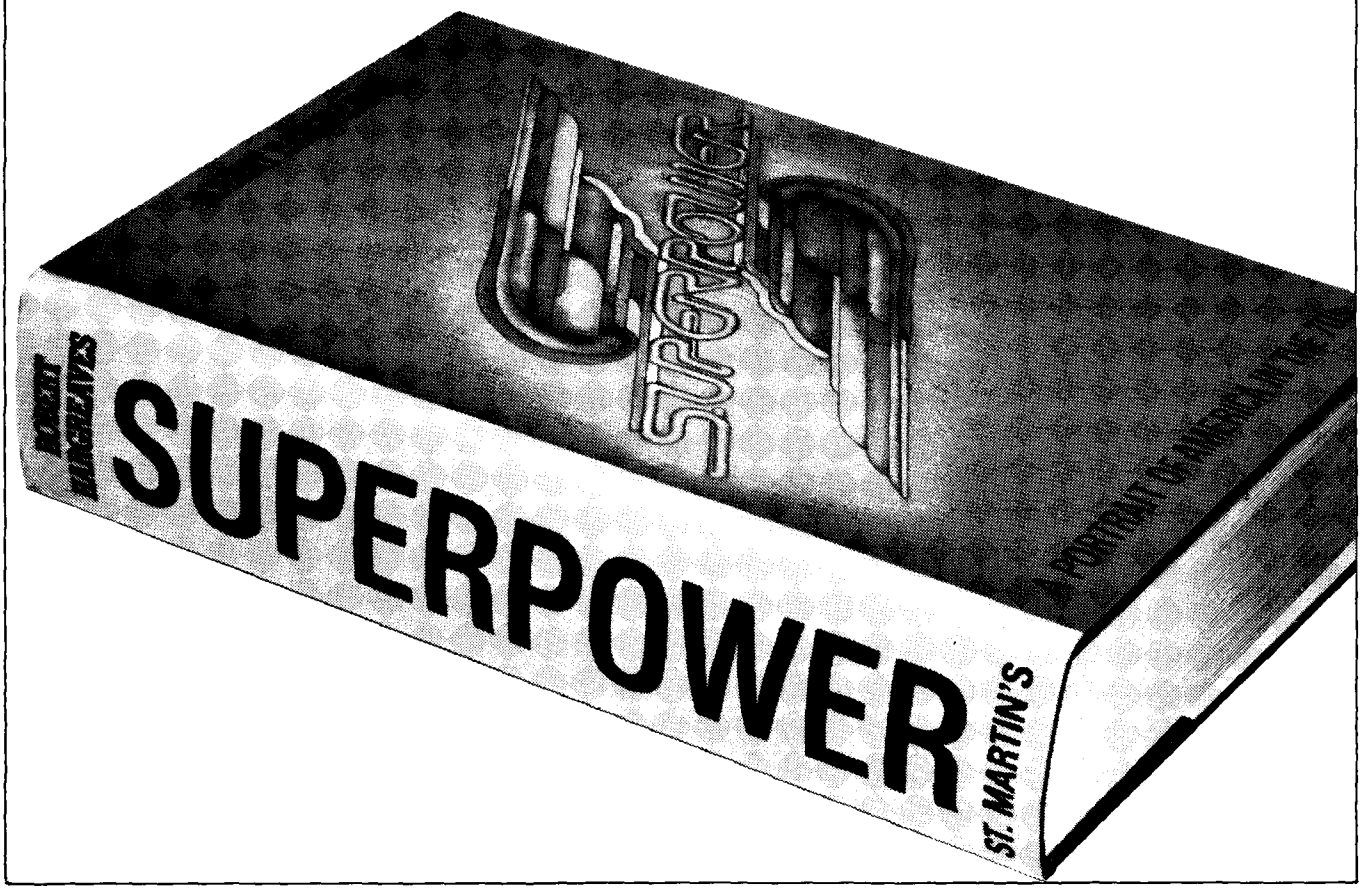

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require an extraordinary combination of mechanical and other coincidences (believers in the accidental theory could gather for lunch in a phone booth).

Isolated, the accidental theory is not, at least pending the technical analysis, impossible. In the realm of history, very strange things actually do occur.

The trouble is that this item is not isolated, but part of a sequence of such items in the Watergate epic, the improbability of the most recent item enhanced still further by all that has gone before (see "Capitol Issues"). Miss Woods's initial account would be more believable if two other presumptively important tapes had not been found to be nonexistent. This, in turn, would have been more believable if, in an otherwise efficient White House, the records regarding possession of the tapes had not been remarkably sloppy, and if various reels had not circulated among an undetermined number of aides. The sloppy records, in themselves, would not have been all that suspicious, though suspicious, if the White House had not for so long argued the supreme importance of the confidentiality of the tapes. The effect of these events is cumulative. Someone remarked recently that if Richard Nixon tomorrow said his middle name was "Milhous," hardly anyone is left who would believe him. Nixon's defenders are hard put.

Political Reforms

The "debt ceiling" is like a chastity belt with a built-in key: It provides the appearance of restraint but gives way, periodically and almost immediately, to desires. The most recent attempt to raise the debt ceiling ran into trouble in the Senate when liberals attached to the bill legislation providing for public financing of presidential campaigns. To the uninitiated, the behavior in the Senate is sometimes inexplicable. But even senators sometimes balk at unreasonable procedures. Senator Buckley, for example, voted against recent complex Social Security legislation because it was made available for study only four days prior to the vote. Many senators resented the attempt of the liberals to force the campaign financing measure through Congress without proper deliberation, and moves to break a filibuster blocking the bill were defeated.

Campaign spending and financing is much on people's minds and will be more so if the Watergate Committee ever gets around to proposing legislation. But it is a complex question and raises serious constitutional problems. Financing a candidate to one's heart's content is presumably among the activities the First Amendment protects. Free speech has some limitations, but the evidence disclosed to date is not convincing on the point that giving more than $3,000 to a candidate is like crying "fire" in a crowded theater.

And then what to do about corporations that influence public officials by promising them employment after they leave government service? Their number may not be large, but then neither is the number of corporations shown to have made contributions to the Nixon campaign. Any legislation that precluded such employment after government service would most likely keep the best qualified people out of government.

And then there are the labor unions. If they are omitted from campaign financing regulation, the reforms will be biased and half-baked. Which is how Senator James Allen, who conducted the one-man filibuster against the legislation, described the liberals' rider. The Senate, having been forced to meet in its first Sunday session in 112 years, wisely rejected the rider, and then went on to raise the debt ceiling.

A Small Bloom in the Desert

For all the immobility at the point of military contact, there are a number of signs—"signals," as we nowadays call them—more encouraging than any seen before in the course of the protracted conflict. One of them is just the altogether unprecedented fact that Egyptian and Israeli officers are talking *and* negotiating face to face. A second, surely of the utmost significance in what it implies, is the resumption of formal diplomatic relations between Washington and Cairo—a development that must indicate serious commitments made on both sides. And third—again unprecedented—there is the stated, if not wholly unconditional, willingness of both sides to meet each other, along with Soviet and American representatives, at a peace conference on neutral Swiss soil.

Perhaps most important of all is the peace program submitted by the secretary general of Israel's governing Labor Party to its central committee—a program approved by leaders of all wings of the party except for the extreme right: by Defense Minister Dayan as well as the more dovish Foreign Minister Abba Eban, by Chief of Staff Bar-Lev as well as Prime Minister Golda Meir. This program is a long way from acceptance of the full Arab demands, but for the first time it explicitly affirms Israel's readiness for "territorial compromise" (i.e., military withdrawal from the present lines). It drops the

Finlandization

Messrs. Heath and Pompidou
Yearn to paddle their canoe;
Yet they pine like Adeline
When we waver on the Rhine.
My experience to date
Trying to control my fate
Holds for Ghibelline and Guelph:
When in doubt, defend thyself.

W. H. von Dreele

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formerly used "secure borders" for the more negotiable concept of "defensible borders." It stresses "preserving the Jewish character" of Israel in a way that suggests willingness to give up any idea of annexing such Arab-populated territory as the West Bank.

Putting all the signs together, for the first time there does seem to be some hope that genuine negotiations may finally begin, though probably nothing of substance could get started until after the Israeli elections in late December. If negotiations start, then it is always possible that they can lead to compromise and agreement, and, at least, fighting becomes less likely while they are proceeding.

To assure their taking place, one small further push is required. The Israelis cheated on the October 22 ceasefire deal when they drove on, two days later, to cut off Suez City and the Egyptian Third Army. It is doubtful that the Egyptians will, or should be expected, to show up for peace talks—they might, in fact, resume shooting—unless Israel makes some real, however small, correction in this matter. Makes it where it counts, not just in words but in military movement: that is, unless Israel pulls back just a little bit to open the Suez circle and thereby save Egyptian face and demonstrate Israeli good will.

To make that small push is presumably one of Henry Kissinger's key intentions during his present Mideast visit.

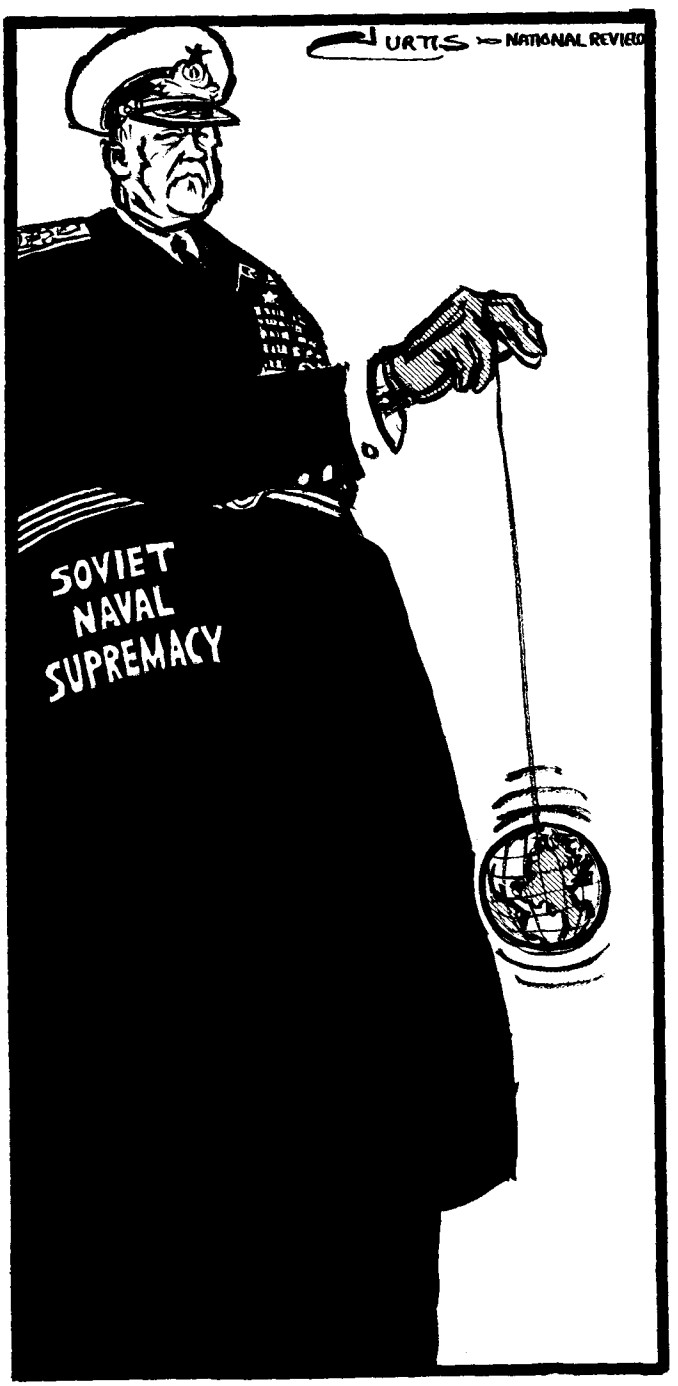
Dissidents on Animal Farm

The KGB is carrying on an impressively orchestrated psywar operation against the dissidents. By alternating between open war and what Pavel Litvinov calls "cold peace," it hopes to demoralize the dissident movement while, with an eye on world opinion, not actually incarcerating many of its members.

On the cold peace front, the KGB has shown how forgiving it can be toward those who cooperate. It commuted the sentences of Pyotr Yakir and Viktor Krasin. It has just pardoned Ivan Dzyuba (who was serving a ten year sentence for Ukrainian nationalism)—after extracting from him a statement that he "unequivocally condemns" his major work, *Internationalism or Russification?*, and will write a new book correcting his "past fallacies." It has commuted Andrei Amalrik's prison sentence to exile without any concession on his part—but he will have to spend the next two years in the same part of Siberia in which he has been imprisoned for the last four years.

At the same time, the KGB is trying to finish off the badly wounded *Chronicle of Current Events*, which has now been silent for over a year. It is currently preparing cases against Viktor Khaustov and Gavril Superfin, and it is trying to implicate Yelena Sakharov in the *Chronicle*'s activities as well. She was interrogated five times before her husband defied the KGB, refusing to let her answer its sixth summons. During one of the sessions, Mrs. Sakharov relates, "I was told that I am probably mentally ill and this would explain my refusal to talk." Having dropped this characteristically subtle hint, the KGB promptly had Yurii Shikhanovich, a friend of the Sakharovs, sentenced to an indefinite term in an insane asylum. While it was harassing Mrs. Sakharov, the KGB was also warning her husband that he will almost certainly lose his Soviet citizenship if he comes to Princeton, as he now says he means to, and that he might lose it in any case, for "betraying state interests."

Meanwhile, a potentially disabling split has developed in the dissident movement itself. Roy Medvedev brought it out into the open last month by publicly disagreeing with Andrei Sakharov's warnings against detente. Other



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dissidents quickly took sides, Zhores Medvedev agreeing with his brother while Mikhail Agursky reminded them that "the period of maximum friendship with the U.S.A., the period of Roosevelt," was also the period of Stalin's harshest repression. In light of which, it is well to remember that the KGB's current offensive began with the arrest of Pyotr Yakir in—June 1972.

Shockley at Princeton

Princeton at last brought it off: Dr. William Shockley presented his views on race, genetics, and intelligence before the Whig Cliosophic Society. When his scheduled critic, Roy Innis of CORE, withdrew (because the hall was closed to the press and the public), anthropologist Ashley Montagu stepped in and provided a critique of Shockley's views. The meeting was orderly—a plus for Princeton and for intellectual freedom generally.

It is becoming clear, however, from Dr. Shockley's remarks at Princeton and elsewhere that he differs in important ways from such figures as Jensen, Herrnstein, and Eysenck, who have also been the targets of liberal and radical ire. Apart from differences of tone, which are not unimportant, Shockley is eager to draw, leap to, practical conclusions of a radical and chilling kind: the sterilization of people with low intelligence, for example, as well as other drastic social measures. This year, moreover, there are signs of an overtly anti-Negro "movement" on the campus and elsewhere, dedicated to the propagation of Dr. Shockley's view and the implementation of his proposals.

Jensen, Herrnstein, Eysenck, and others have come forward as scientists investigating an important subject in a field in which they are acknowledged experts. Shockley, on the other hand, has presented himself as an evangelic advocate of measures that are not directly deducible from his data. Though Princeton was arguably correct in allowing him to air his views under circumstances of civility, it is important that this difference be kept in mind.

The Shroud: Progress Report

As NATIONAL REVIEW noted when we published Barbara Sullivan's article on the Shroud of Turin [July 20], tests to determine its authenticity began this fall. So far, scientists have discovered that there is absolutely no paint or other foreign matter on the Shroud. Mrs. Sullivan had pointed out that negative images were not understood in the fourteenth century; the scientists now add that no fourteenth century artist could have invented some of the anatomical details (such as the clotted blood and distension of the rib cage). Next on the agenda are tests to determine whether there is human blood on the Shroud, and detailed comparison of its material with that of known first century winding sheets.

In his statements so far Pope Paul has moved beyond the previous noncommittal Vatican attitude and stopped just short of endorsing the Shroud's authenticity. The rest of the results may be in by Easter.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

I'm just back from a vacation in Europe, returning, alas, by wheelchair with a sprung back that has kept me in bed for a week. The forced bed rest has given me a chance to catch up on my reading and I want now to tell you that I think Francis Russell's piece, "Living and Dying in Boston," is simply superb.

I know I should be familiar with his name, but I'm not. It is, however, probably the finest piece I have ever read on life in Boston and my own life in particular. I grew up in Francis Russell's Dorchester; I was one of the Jewish boys who sold newspapers on Blue Hill Avenue at the corner of Franklin Park. I saw those changes and lived through them, and Russell has made poetry out of the first twenty years of my life experience. Once, five years ago, I began an autobiography, doing the best I could with the material memory had left me. I wish I could tell myself that I had caught the rhythm of that period and of that place even remotely as well as did Russell. The article should be a permanent part of American literary and political heritage. Will you pass on to him my compliments?

I must say that catching up on NATIONAL REVIEW in bed makes me realize how much really marvelous stuff you are publishing these days. All best,

Theodore H. White
New York

Dear Teddy: Many thanks. And also in behalf of Francis Russell, author of *Tragedy in Dedham* and *The Shadow of Blooming Grove*. You best selling authors should know each other! Regards. Bill

■ 522 Hughes Hall
The Cornell Law School
Ithaca, New York 14850

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Ever since I was driven from your door by a burly hotel guard at a YAF convention a few years ago, I have longed—inordinately—for you to spend some time on me. Imagine how I was thrilled by your reply to the barbarous Mr. Robertson, implying that I might have, quite unknowingly, made exactly the right preparations!

I rushed right out and looked up 6:10 in πρὸς

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Τιμοθεον A. The text in controversy runs: "ριζα γὰρ πάντων τῶν κακῶν ἑσ τω ἡ φιλαργνρία" as all the codices seem to agree. Of course, any liberally educated man will see at once that a) the author of the epistle uses neither the article nor an indefinite pronoun, leaving us free to translate the subject as "the root" or "a root" according to the requirements of the context (although in the absence of the article "a root" would probably be more conventional), and b) *cupiditas* is a somewhat more comprehensive term than ἡ φιλαργυρία. The King James crowd was clearly closer to the mark with "the love of money."

And while we are on the subject of your pretensions, could you tell me whether "vicissitudes" means what one would think, judging by its use in Justice Douglas' opinion? Nothing tasteless, please. Sincerely,

Brian K. Stanley

■ Dear Mr. Rusher:

I still can't believe it! I was innocently walking down *NR*'s street today, looking hopefully for lights in a certain office window just as I always do, when suddenly, through a burst of sunlight, a red, white, and blue rainbow appeared, and the music of Bach's *Magnificat* filled the air. Then, who should I see but the new RIGHT-WING CULT HERO, BILL RUSHER!

He wasn't riding on a Shetland pony or a Honda, or passing out free copies of NATIONAL REVIEW, or anything like that—he was just WALKING DOWN THE STREET. I think he may have mumbled some irreverent French words at being recognized, but I was too flustered to pay attention to anything he was *saying*. I mean, it isn't every day I hear Bach on 35th Street and bump into a REAL CULT HERO. WOW! Sincerely yours,

Judith H. Block

Bronx, N.Y.

■ Iowa State University
Dept. of Public Relations
Ames, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

A few weeks ago Congressman William Scherle telephoned my office to remonstrate with me over a canceled lecture at Iowa State scheduled on Thursday, November 1. He said that his information was that I had canceled a scheduled lecture at Iowa State three times, and he thought this inordinate and discourteous.

So do I; and I was glad under the circumstances that my office could reassure him that such was not the case. For the record: I have never canceled a lecture with Iowa State. Only once did my agent, Mrs. Babcock, agree to a date, but at the time she said it was subject to withdrawal if it developed that I would take a public appointment. I did so do, in the UN, and you were notified in August that I would not be able to attend. This makes your electric bulletin ("This marks the third time Buckley has canceled a scheduled lecture at Iowa State") disingenuous. By the way, in 21 years of lecturing, I have missed one lecture (weather, 1956), and canceled one lecture (UN, 1973). Yours faithfully,

—WFB

■ Dear Bill:

Well the people at Holy Cross have spoken. They laughed last year when I said they wouldn't have Buchwald to kick around any more. They are not laughing any more.

I am sending you the election results of the Holy Cross Commencement Speaker Poll. Not to rub it in, but to show you that you came out ahead of Howard Cosell, Archibald Cox, and Noam Chomsky.

I really feel badly about winning the election and to make it up to you, I have four commencement speaker requests on my desk which I would like to pass on to you. Three are from high schools in the Washington area and one is from a Catholic school in Yakima, Washington. I am sure I will be getting more and since I will be so hard at work on the Holy Cross speech, I won't be able to take on any more commencement speeches next year. Please let me know as soon as possible how many commencement speeches you would like to do and I will send them on to you. Best regards,

Art Buchwald

Washington, D.C.

[Enclosed] Final Standings for '74 Commencement Speaker: Art Buchwald (216), Kurt Vonnegut (146), Salvador Dali (136), Ted Kennedy (116), John Sirica (102), William F. Buckley (101), Howard Cosell (95), Archibald Cox (80), Dr. Joseph Kerwin (79), Elliot Richardson (61), Lowell Weicker (58), Noam Chomsky (53).

Dear Art: I won the senior poll at Holy Cross in 1972. That was the year of the landslide. Your victory is a part of the backlash. I would be happy to use your speech. Happier still if you gave one to Lowell Weicker. With your constitutional constructs and his sense of humor, you could give *all* the commencement speeches! Warm regards, Bill

—WFB

I Give You Jesse Helms

Jesse Helms, he made a fuss
On the Senate floor:
"Senators should ban the bus
Till we know the score."
Buses run on gas, he said;
Kids would rather walk.
But they turned to Watergate
After Jesse's talk.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Goal Line Stand

HAIL *to the victors valiant,/Hail to the conquering heroes* . . . So goes the fight song of the University of Michigan Wolverines. *Fight the team across the field, show them Ohio's here./Set the earth reverberating with a mighty cheer.* So goes the fight song of the Ohio State University Buckeyes. For those addicted to football, these rousers are liturgical elements in an annual religious event, the Ohio State-Michigan game. Mr. Nixon, whose men deny that he watches television (other than to store up resentment about "distorted, vicious" Dan Ratherisms), has admitted watching this game on occasion. Indeed, in 1969 it was a matter of serious public policy for the White House to announce that Mr. Nixon watched the Ohio State-Michigan game. He watched it in the White House (those were the days when Mr. Nixon spent an occasional weekend in town). The White House that day was surrounded by empty Washington city buses, parked bumper to bumper, a motor-age barricade against the 100,000 or so people who were milling around the Mall petitioning for redress of their grievances against the Vietnam war.

November 1969 was the high point of the antiwar demonstrations—the "moratoriums," as they were called—and on the day of the 1969 Ohio State-Michigan game Mr. Nixon, embattled in the White House, with his control of foreign policy threatened by mobs in the streets, let it be known that he was calm enough to spend the afternoon watching a football broadcast. He felt good that day because he had just begun a bold counterattack against his tormentors. He had recently gone on television to deliver the most effective speech of his Presidency, the "silent majority" speech. He had argued with force and clarity that, although his election just one year previously had been by a slim margin and although his mandate was ambiguous, he *was* elected, he *was* charged with the duties of chief executive officer of the United States, and he would not allow foreign policy to be dictated by mobs chanting slogans on the Mall. Mr. Nixon had just unleashed Mr. Agnew to deliver the Des Moines speech on the media. The counterattack was under way, a deadly serious battle to hold public opinion behind a policy of gradual disengagement from Indochina.

This counterattack worked. Public opinion on the war bent, but did not crack. A star and an issue had been born in Des Moines, of all places, and Mr. Agnew went about the business of fostering skepticism about the news media, thereby enhancing the influence of the Administration as a source of information about the world.

This counterattack did not assure Mr. Nixon's reelection. Mr. McGovern did that. But the first term counterattack did its job: It preserved Mr. Nixon's control over foreign policy.

The current counterattack, "Operation Candor," is not doing its job. Indeed it is an unqualified disaster, as might be expected of an "operation" named in such a way as to call attention to the fact that it is a major "operation"—and a departure from normal practice—when the White House is candid. This "operation" has poured kerosene on old fires, lit new fires, and focused the attention of the Republic on the Rose Mary Stretch.

The Rose Mary Stretch is the athletic feat performed by Mr. Nixon's personal secretary, Rose Mary Woods, when she erased an 18-minute segment of a subpoenaed tape, a segment—surprise!—that contained every reference to Watergate on that particular reel of tape. The "stretch" refers to the exertion poor Miss Woods had to go through to have her foot on the wrong pedal of the tape recorder (having pushed the wrong button) while talking on the telephone. If you believe the White House explanation of all this, you are a member of the smallest and fastest shrinking minority in the U.S.

But the Rose Mary Stretch caper has at least distracted attention from the dispute about who—Mr. Nixon? General Haig?—said what about Elliot Richardson not telling the truth to a Senate committee about the events that preceded the firing of Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox. This fight, which consumed the time and energy of the highest White House officials for almost a week, at least distracted attention from the numerous disputes that arose in response to the answers given by Mr. Nixon at the Disney World press conference. The inadequacies of those answers at least distracted attention, at least for a moment, from the dispute about the two missing tapes.

And so it goes.

Mr. Nixon seems to be nearing the end of a long march—a long retreat that began in March when Watergate burglar James McCord sent Judge John Sirica a letter saying that perjury had been used to suppress the truth about White House involvement in Watergate. Mr. Nixon knows that one of his biggest single drops in the polls came during the Watergate unraveling, but coincident with the disappearance of beef last August. He must know that enthusiasm for impeachment will mount as fuel supplies drop, and prices and unemployment rise. He must know that the long retreat is almost over.

THIS IS not because he and his demoralized troops have the situation under control. Far from it. In the football vernacular Mr. Nixon favors, the White House has a desperately bad "field position." It has stopped retreating only in the sense that it has its back to the goal line. And the team from across the field is really a host of teams, including a Special Prosecutor, a Senate investigation, a House impeachment proceeding, several grand juries, and a critical press.

And this is where the football analogy breaks down. The unique feature of this goal line stand is that it is impossible to imagine it succeeding. The onrushing teams have the ball and have an unlimited number of downs. And this is why the conviction is spreading that the goal line stand is doomed. It is ironic that the man who may soon be called upon to pick up the pieces is an honest-to-God football hero, a victor valiant from Michigan, Wolverine Gerald Ford. □

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Choose Your Weapons, Gentlemen

THE GLOBAL COST to date of nuclear weapons systems is well over a trillion dollars, and climbing fast. (One single new submarine of the Trident class will cost more than a billion dollars.) It is a sum worthy of the belief that nuclear devices are, as we have often been told, "the ultimate weapon." Nevertheless, in spite of all the money spent on them, only two of them have ever been used in combat—have, that is, become *actual* rather than merely potential weapons. And that was 28 years ago.

The forbearance has not been due to a metamorphosis of this world into the Peaceable Kingdom, or of men into angels. During these same 28 years men have been as disputatious as usual. The earth has been the arena for frequent conflicts, large and small, that have resulted in larger transfers of real estate than brought about by any war of prior history. Rule of the world's two most populous nations changed hands. History's most extensive empires were dismembered. Dozens of civil and revolutionary wars were fought long and ferociously. More new nations came into being than existed at the end of World War II. In these conflicts a great many weapons of many kinds have been used, but not nuclear weapons. Most of those persons directly engaged have altogether disregarded the existence of nuclear weapons. The conduct even of the armies of the nuclearized states, when they have actually been *using* weapons, has not been appreciably influenced by their nuclear arsenals. For an ultimate weapon, nuclear devices have been remarkably bashful about public performance.

The idea of "an ultimate weapon" is ambiguous. It blurs several separable meanings: 1) a weapon so much beyond all others as to render them obsolescent and ineffectual; 2) the weapon (cf. OED on "ultimate") "putting an end to further continuance, development, or action, final, decisive"; 3) or a weapon merely (again, OED) "last in a succession or series, arrived at as a final result or in the last resort." If nuclear weapons are in truth the ultimate weapon, this can be in the third sense only, and whether in that sense we shall know only "as a final result or in the last resort."

What Is a Weapon?

No nuclear weapons have been used in the conflicts of these 28 years, but lots of other weapons have. Many have been old-fashioned and familiar, but there have also been new types and mixes of aircraft, helicopters, armored vehicles, missiles, and electronic gadgets. (Most assuredly, nuclear weapons did not, *Def.* 2 above, "put an end to further development.") Perhaps the most significant novelty has been the multidimensional conflict system integrating psychological, political, paramilitary, terrorist, guerrilla, and conventional military operations. And this autumn the rulers of the Arab states launched a formidable new weapon with a global range.

This is not metaphor. Arab oil right now is literally a *weapon*. "Weapon" is defined by function. Any substance, any activity, becomes a weapon when I use it as a means of injuring another or of forcing his will into compliance with mine. Arab oil—or, rather non-oil—became, thus, a weapon on October 19. So far as ultimates go, Arab oil shapes up in the present context as considerably more ultimate than nuclear bombs: The nuclear weapon is powerless to counter the oil weapon.

If the survival of nation X depends on an entity A, which is under the unrestricted, unilateral control of nation (or set of nations) Y, then nation X is no longer fully sovereign but, potentially at least, subordinate to Y. This is the logical structure within which the West European leaders, confronted with the oil embargo, publicly recognized their "helplessness." In this period, Arab oil is in fact necessary to the survival of industrial-technological Western Europe. Therefore Western Europe cannot, on its own, avoid bending to the Arab will.

Western Europe could escape the compulsion if Y's control of entity A were not both unrestricted and unilateral. (Let us leave "A" unspecified, since oil is not the only substance that might fit into the equation, as we may be learning before long when this or that Third World nation tries to launch a copper, rubber, chrome, phosphate, bauxite . . . weapon.) Release would come about either because Y needed or wanted things from other nations, for the sake of which Y was willing to share entity A with others, or because nation X had the power to compel Y to loosen up, and the will to use the power. But Western Europe, on its own, no longer has the required fusion of power and will. Saudi Arabia's Oil Minister, Sheik Ahmed Yamani, drove through the streets of the West European capitals, in the words of one observer, "like Tamburlaine riding in triumph through Persepolis." Western Europe is now tasting the delayed and bitter fruits of the end of European colonialism. Under the colonial order, the mother country held control over an entity A beyond its national boundaries.

Ultimate of Ultimates

Inevitably the reality is more complex than the simplified pattern. Unless they knew that Moscow was backstopping, the Arabs could not have unsheathed their oil weapon. Moreover, there are many things (beginning with the machines and tools for getting oil) that the Arab nations need and want, even if survival itself does not immediately depend on them, and these they risk losing if they press their weapon too deeply. Then, too, there is the United States, which does not depend absolutely, as Western Europe does, on Arab oil, and which has the power, still, to stand up not only to the Arab sheiks but to the Soviet gambler in the background, who, as the more intelligent of the sheiks know very well, only seeks to manipulate them to his own purpose.

But the will? As almost always, that is what it comes down to: the clash of wills—in the last analysis, in this case, of American will and Soviet will. It is neither sticks nor stones nor nuclear bombs nor oil, but will that is the ultimate weapon. □

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A First Hurrah for Technology

Read on and smile. The author points out ways & ways & ways in which the so-called energy crisis can be conquered. Technology can do the job, he says, if only the antitechnologists will go away

STEPHEN A. KALLIS JR.

IN ONE VERY important sense, the energy crisis so much in the news is a fraud. The same can be said of many aspects of the various forms of environmental crisis. These problems are not in themselves insoluble; all too often, people just will not let them get solved. In fact, the only great crisis we are facing is that which I call the technology crisis. And that crisis can be identified as the unwillingness of many to let our technology solve the problems forming the other so-called crises.

A few background remarks are in order. First and most important, many judgments about technology and its supposed limitations are based on questionable assumptions. This has long been the case, of course. It was once "proven" that commercial heavier than air transport was impossible, because aircraft power plants would always remain as inefficient as the early ones. That a rocket could never reach the moon, since it must use as weak an explosive as nitroglycerine, and its upward acceleration could hardly exceed 32 feet per second. That electrical power generation to numerous private homes could not be achieved, because half the total electrical losses, in the form of heat, would occur at the generator. That one could never determine what the stars were made of, because the identification of chemicals required contact. And, most famous of all, that it was aerodynamically impossible for the bumblebee to fly, a thesis which depended upon treating him as a fixed-wing aircraft rather than as one with moving wings.

Second, many antitechnological arguments present only two "realistic" alternatives. A familiar example is that of the truck and the underpass. The truck reaches an underpass which the driver finds is one inch too low for clearance. Should he unload the cargo and restack it? Should he take a long detour? Neither. The solution is simply to let enough air out of the tires to permit the load to sink the necessary inch and then to drive through.

Third, our technologists are not credited with much ingenuity. Yesterday's impossibility becomes today's development and tomorrow's commonplace. There are many examples, but the most mundane is the transistor radio. Not so long ago, the idea of a shirt pocket size (or smaller) radio was considered comic book stuff. Today, most American teenagers own at least one such device.

Finally, many "opinion leaders" actively mistrust things technological. Their mistrust is all too often exceeded by their ignorance of technology, an ignorance generally cultivated from youth, when many of them cleverly avoided taking any course in science or mathematics beyond the required minimum.

Human Ingenuity

The trouble with the antitechnological attitude, of course, is that problems just cannot be wished out of existence. To say that the answer to the gasoline crisis is seriously to curtail driving is no solution to the real problem. But it is a way to stifle development of the true solutions: substitutes for gasoline and new power sources.

In Devon, England an inventor named Harold Bate has developed a method of powering his car with common barnyard manure. He uses bacteria to convert his raw materials to methane gas, which enters the engine through a modified carburetor. Since Bate has been driving cars this way for 17 years, this can be called a proven system—and an alternative power source, high octane and pollution free.

The point? Simply that while some claim nothing can be done to cope with the car fuel problem, or insist that any available solution would be rife with geopolitical significance, the technologist just goes ahead and solves the problem. Today's municipal sewer may fuel tomorrow's municipal vehicles.

With a couple of hundred feet of black garden hose and an insulated storage tank, any homeowner can help cut his own consumption of utility-supplied energy. How? Simply arrange the hose in a flat pattern on a frame, place

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the frame in an area free of shadow-casting obstructions like trees, face the frame south, and, for best results, tilt it so that the northernmost side is elevated by an angle equaling the latitude of the location (say, about forty degrees for New York and southern Connecticut). Run water through slowly on a sunny day (stopping the flow for about half an hour after the hose first fills, to give it time to heat), and pipe it to the insulated tank. The yield: about ten to twelve gallons of hot water per hour, and free—compliments of solar power.

Some Lessons

Why bring up this sort of "energy crisis victory garden" suggestion? Merely to point out that there are dozens of untapped energy sources all around us. And that if we approach our energy problems like technologists instead of doomsayers, the future will look far less bleak. Let us examine some of the lessons of technological history.

1. *New energy sources are constantly being developed.* Once upon a time, man could keep warm only by wearing fur or exercising. Then he discovered fire, from which most of our modern energy is derived. But look at the succession of fuels: wood, animal fat, coal, and, lately, petroleum (once thought useless except as a medicine—the "snake oil" of yore). Man has also used wind power, water power, animal power—even human power—and now nuclear power. But all these by no means exhaust his power options.

For instance, there is tidal power. To take a purely hypothetical example, a sea-level Panama Canal could make use of the differences between its Atlantic and Pacific tides: If the sea water were allowed to go through hydroelectric turbines, a considerable amount of electricity could be generated. More practically, studies have been made for tidal power stations at such places as the Bay of Fundy, where the difference between high and low tide can be as great as fifty feet.

Or take the temperature-difference engine. The thing that makes energy generation possible is the attempt of two unequal conditions to equalize. Thus, a gasoline engine turns because the high pressure of the gasoline combustion pushes against the piston in order to more nearly match the atmospheric pressure on the other side of the piston. Similarly, current flows in an electric circuit because a surplus of electrons is flowing along a conductor to reach an area with a deficiency of electrons. The temperature-difference engine works on the same principle. It could take two forms:

A seaborn version would use an insulated pipe to bring water from the depths of the sea and place it in one side of a mechanism, the other side of which would contain the sea's surface water (kept warm, of course, by the sun—so that the whole device relies on a form of solar power). A working medium could be used to transfer heat from the warm side to the cool side, doing work in the process. This medium, which would have to be a vapor at the warm temperature and a liquid at the cool temperature, could drive a turbine that would pump up more water and run a generator to produce electric power. And just to keep the ecologists at bay, the warmed cool water and the cooled warm water could be discharged at an intermediate level at the same temperature—thus avoiding thermal pollution. Such engines (pilots of which were made years ago, and forgotten in the absence of an energy crisis) would be floating stations, relatively immune to things like earthquakes.

The second temperature-difference engine would be more directly solar-powered. Anyone who has opened a sealed automobile on a sunny day knows how hot the sun can make an enclosed airspace. Imagine such an airspace in a desert—but big, a sort of hothouse, that did not need to be completely enclosed. Add to this an insulated chimney reaching up (for, say, a mile) into the cooler upper air. The heat difference between these two regions could drive a very large turbine—perhaps large enough to supply an appreciable fraction of the electrical demand of several cities. And if the chimney could be built along a steep mountainside the construction cost would be greatly reduced.

Another potential source of energy is in the very air we breathe: electrostatic differences in the atmosphere. A bolt of lightning wastes thousands, even millions of volts at an equivalent number of amperes—to produce a blue-white spark and a sonic boom. Benjamin Franklin was not really "the man who tamed the lightnings"; he merely put them into scientific perspective. But to speak of taming lightning is no more farfetched than talk of splitting the atom was a few years ago. And there are even more far-out potential energy sources; but let us move on.

2. *New ways are developed to exploit existing energy sources.* Both the old-fashioned water wheel and the modern hydroelectric turbine exploit the same energy source: falling water. The difference between them is an increase in the efficiency of energy gathering; the turbine makes far better use of the water than the wheel does. In the same way, while an ordinary nuclear reactor merely expends its fissionable fuel, a breeder reactor converts previously nonfissionable material into usable fuel; this increases the efficiency of uranium, since otherwise most of it could not be considered an energy source.

Similarly, other forms of energy generation that are already known can be developed in new ways. One such is geothermal power. Since the center of the earth is extremely hot, it follows

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Mr. Kallis works for a computer manufacturer and is also at work on a novel about Merlin.

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that the deeper one drills, the hotter it gets. However, nature sometimes provides us with a form of free drilling in which the earth's interior heat is spectacularly brought to the surface—volcanos, hot springs, and geysers are examples. Here is massive fuel-free heat, if only we can exploit it.

As it happens, there are already small geothermal plants in operation, tapping natural steam vents or drilling for underground hot springs. But vastly greater results could be obtained if a large heat-exchange chamber were constructed near a great heat source (perhaps a volcano). One of the current difficulties with geothermal power is that the use of natural steam releases such natural fumes as sulfur dioxide, which smells things up somewhat. The use of a heat-exchange system would eliminate this.

Another power source that will become increasingly important is nuclear fusion. At present, the only way we know to exploit this is through catastrophic explosion in the form of a thermonuclear bomb. Most of those who speak of "taming" nuclear fusion hold that it is remote as a practical goal, perhaps a half century or so away. Oddly enough, such people were making similar predictions about nuclear fission in the 1920s; and their current speculations are probably equally reliable. After all, if early experimental methods of atom smashing were still the only methods in use, a modern nuclear reactor could never be built.

As with fission in its early days, so with fusion now. Laboratory attempts to produce low-level nuclear fusion have thus far been experimental. Moreover, as far as is publicly known, they have employed only direct combination of atoms, rather than the catalytic process used by the nearest successful fusion reactor: the sun. Perhaps the use of nuclear catalysts will make fusion a practical energy source.

To judge from the past performance of technology, this sort of breakthrough will take place. And well within fifty years.

3. *Engineering efficiency increases.* As devices have developed, technological advancements, spurred by consumer demand, have made them more efficient, which in turn means that each device uses less energy. Thus, each unit of energy goes a lot farther than before. This is especially evident in electronics. The transistor radio is a prime example; but even more interesting is the electronic computer. The first such mechanism used vacuum tubes, required extensive cooling, and consumed vast amounts of power. From large vacuum tubes, computers progressed to small ones, thence to transistors, to integrated circuits, and finally to medium-scale integration (MSI) and large-scale integration (LSI). By now the power requirements have diminished to the point where a fully operational electronic computer can fit on the top of a desk and consume no more power than six ordinary roomlights. (If you had asked one of the early computer men how long it would take to design such a unit, I suspect he would have guessed around a hundred years.)

Standpatters

Similar (though less spectacular) advances can be seen in internal combustion engines, particularly jet engines. Of course, the efficiency of any mechanical device is much lower than

(Continues on page 1423)

Firing Line Guest: The Pied Piper of Hamelin

Mr. Buckley: We agreed to have on our show the Pied Piper of Hamelin,
Although we may be recklessly gamelin'
With our resistance to his pipe.
I mean, his art is not to be taken lightly when he can swipe
A whole population of kids out from under their parents' noses.
I refer to that celebrated incident in Westphalia in 1284 which, I suppose, is
Factual rather than pure legend,
Although you find scholars hegend
On it. I will therefore ask the man who ought to know:
The Pied Piper, himself. Did it happen and, if so,
Whatever became of all those kids?
Pied Piper: My union forbids
Me to go into detail but I can tell you something up to now not generally known:
The kids came back after they had outgrown
My music. As to whether it *could* happen,
Consider Woodstock, Altamont, and Watkins Glen.
Mr. Buckley: When you say "union," I presume you mean the medieval grandpap
of ASCAP.
Pied Piper: The Original No Pay, No Play.
Mr. Buckley: Maybe that's what the town fathers had in mind,
When they welshed on you after you were kind
Enough to serve as the town's deverminizer,
Ending up of course sadder but wizer.
Pied Piper: A deal's a deal, the way I read it.
Mr. Buckley: You lived up to your part of the bargain. Indeed it
Was a classical *quid pro quo* situation:
So many guilders for a complete job of extermination.
Pied Piper: Exactly. And when they broke their promise to me,
I just piped a little melody,
And skipped off with their kinder:
All of them from princelings to Cinder
Ellas in the kitchen.
Mr. Buckley: Maybe I shouldn't mitchen
It but do you think that was fair to the young?
I mean getting them all hung
Up on pop tunes when they had lessons to learn at school?
Pied Piper: I just played it cool,
Man, and the younguns followed me like they would again today.
Say,
Just how serious is this Mayor Lindsay about his rat problem
In Harlem?

JOHANNES EFF

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SOUTHEAST ASIA

Kantjil's Three Choices

JUSTUS M. VAN DER KROEF

BANGKOK. For centuries Indonesians have recounted the tales of *kantjil*, the little mouse deer, native to their country and much of Southeast Asia. Wily, patient, and resourceful, kantjil is a typical anti-hero, common to the folklore of a thousand peasant societies the world over. Now outwitting the tiger, again goading the buffalo to fury—kantjil survives and even prospers, demonstrating that the contest does not always go to the strong, or the race to the swift. In the aftermath of the Vietnam ceasefire and in Mr. Nixon's new "heterogeneous, multipolar international order," the nations of Southeast Asia, individually and collectively, have good reason to feel like kantjil. Survival in the new global jungle will require all the diplomatic agility and deviousness of kantjil at his best.

The Southeast Asian kantjils have three basic courses open to them. The first of these—to declare themselves and their region "neutral" and get the big powers to recognize that neutrality—is widely regarded as ideal and has in fact captured the imagination of much articulate opinion in Southeast Asia (especially among intellectuals and the young). Malaysia has taken the lead in trying to realize this dream, by extending diplomatic recognition to Hanoi and Peking, negotiating independently with the European Economic Community, gently nudging U.S. and Commonwealth military forces out, and so forth. It also persuaded its fellow members of the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (Thailand, Singapore, Indonesia, and the Philippines) to join it in the 1971 "Kuala Lumpur Declaration," in which ASEAN nations resolved to make "necessary efforts" to win international recognition for their region as "a zone of peace, freedom, and neutrality, free from any form or manner of interference by outside powers."

Even kantjils may dream. The idea that the rest of the jungle is going to leave kantjil alone in his own spot strikes most Western observers as ludicrous; and even in Southeast Asia, few see it as a practical and immediate prospect. Southeast Asia, after all, is not Austria: It is not a region free from border disputes, intense Communist insurgency, or fabulous and largely untapped offshore oil deposits. It cannot therefore expect to assume an easy and placid neutrality.

But kantjil is nothing if not a master of the double game. None of the Southeast Asian nations has felt that it can do without foreign military assistance or foreign troops. Even Burma—so aloof in its foreign policy that it refuses even to join ASEAN—has requested U.S. helicopters to help combat local guerrillas; Indonesia, though proclaiming a policy of "nonalignment," relies on Australian military training facilities and U.S. assistance in developing military radar and other communications installations; both Malaysia and Singapore are joined with Britain, Australia, and New Zealand in the five power Commonwealth Defense arrangement, while the Philippines and Thailand participate in SEATO. SEATO counterinsurgency intelligence is also drawn on, extensively if covertly, by Malaysia and Indonesia. And despite its oft-expressed desire to reduce its dependency on the U.S., the Philippines will no doubt continue for some time to abide by the terms of the 1947 U.S.-Philippine Military Bases Agreement and the 1951 Mutual Defense Treaty. It is too early yet to determine where the new government of Thailand will go, but its leaders have indicated they would like to review their heretofore strained relations with Red China.

Most Southeast Asian officials see these defense arrangements as (they hope) a short-term, admittedly embarrassing necessity ("Neutrality will emerge as our old security system withers away," a young Malaysian diplomat assured me), but they are willing to defend them for the long haul, if necessary. "Communist insurgents from outside Thailand continue to infiltrate and attack this country," SEATO Secretary General Sunthorn Hongladarom, former Thai ambassador to the U.S., told me bluntly earlier this fall; "we cannot afford neutralization so long as these attacks continue."

For Singapore's Lee Kuan Yew, kantjil's second choice is more realistic: Admit that the other jungle beasts will simply not stay out of your plot, and so choose your protector from among them. In Bangkok and Jakarta, Lee has pushed the idea that the U.S. must stay active militarily in the region, and that even under the Nixon Doctrine the U.S. must maintain Thailand's independence as a buffer zone for the rest of Southeast Asia. Lee has praised the American intervention in Vietnam; and Washingington, in seeming agreement with Lee, has given massive military aid to Thailand. But in Manila, Jakarta, and even Singapore itself, there is apprehension over Lee's ploy: To many it seems too much the old American "imperialism" that resulted in the Vietnam quagmire.

THESE CRITICS of Lee Kuan Yew argue that kantjil must have more than one protector, indeed as many as possible, if he is to survive. "We must internationalize ourselves," one prominent Manila businessman and former cabinet member put it to me. "Bring all the big powers in—Europe, Japan, the Russians, the Chinese too. Let them invest or trade. Then they will watch each other, instead of us having to watch them." By giving all a stake in Southeast Asia's future, then, even neutralization may become possible, advocates of this position believe. Perhaps so. But historical precedent is not encouraging (e.g., China and the big powers around the turn of the century). Would the Southeast Asian nations be strong enough to stand up against big-power economic pressure or the dealings of the multinationals?

If they are, or can be, it may be because kantjil will take the third alternative and try to unite with all his smaller neighbors and so derive strength in confronting the goliaths. Philippine Foreign Secretary Carlos Romulo has been particularly outspoken in insisting that only "collective strength" among the South-

(Continues on page 1422)

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THE NEW IMPURITANS

The author of Trousered Apes *analyzes the New Impuritanism which, he says, is found in everything we read, hear, and see. It is, he concludes our society's cultural, social, and individual death wish*

The Liberty of Privacy

DUNCAN WILLIAMS

SIX YEARS AGO, speaking to a group of American professors of literature, I delivered what I—rather naively—assumed to be an innocuous little lecture entitled "Trousered Apes." Having quoted an extract from *Pride and Prejudice* and another, for purposes of contrast, from John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* (not that Osborne's play represented, even then, the ultimate in modernity), I concluded: "Water pollution and air pollution are now quantitatively measurable facts of life; but is it not possible that a psychological poison is also at work in our society, destroying man's mind and moral fiber, leading him back to the primitive jungle from whence he came, before that same jungle, devoid alike of civilized man and trousered ape, returns to its pristine, uninhabited state, the only real victor after all?" These words, to my surprise, unleashed a furious discussion and controversy lasting well into the night and resuming the following day.

Since then, nothing has happened on either the domestic or the international scene to change my opinion that the Western world and its culture are currently saturated with violence and animalism. On the contrary, I think that no one who reads a newspaper, or watches a television news program, or reads an avant garde novel, can doubt the truth of this judgment. Yet few seem to understand why this should be so.

Part of the answer lies in the nature of literature itself. The study of literature is one that, more than most, offers one an opportunity to broaden one's understanding both socially and historically. Students reading Chaucer, for example, are struck by the "strangeness" of the medieval social framework; then,

gradually, they come to see that although human institutions are fragile and transient, human nature itself remains remarkably constant. Even more important, literature permits us to enter imaginatively into another's consciousness and experience vicariously a whole host of emotions and situations otherwise denied us. But literature and the arts in general are more than just a mirror reflecting social and cultural values: I believe, with every major literary critic from Plato to T. S. Eliot, that they are powerful forces that shape and mold the way in which people live and behave. We must ask: How are the arts today, especially literature, molding us?

Historian Christopher Dawson, in the Gifford lectures at Edinburgh in 1947, declared: "The recovery of moral control and the return to spiritual order have now become the indispensable conditions of human survival." In contemporary literature, drama, music, painting, and those two powerful "molders," the cinema and television, one finds not only an absence of "moral control" and "spiritual order," but in most instances an overt and deep hostility to any such restraining concepts. Morality, however, always involves a sentiment of submission because it demands the recognition of an authoritative norm, be it religious or secular, external or internal. The very terms "submission" and "authoritative" are repugnant to an age intoxicated with what it calls "freedom"; but true liberty is surely not so much external as internal, requiring self-control and a punctilious fulfillment of one's obligations. As Edmund Burke wrote in 1791: "Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites. . . . Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is within, the more there is without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters."

No doubt contemporary writers and artists would assert that violence dramatizes a situation, and that living in a violent world, they would be intellectually and socially dishonest to depict life in any other way. If, however, in the novels he reads, in the plays and films he sees, in the philosophical and ethical treatises presented for his edification, Western man is continually subjected to a vision of himself as a

Mr. Williams is author of Trousered Apes.

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being violent, animalistic, alienated, mannerless, and uncivilized, then is he not encouraged to identify himself with such an image, and to mold his own outlook and behavior to conform with it?

The Now Decalogue

In 1869, Matthew Arnold defined culture as "a pursuit of our total perfection by means of getting to know, on all matters which concern us, the *best* which has been thought and said in the world." Even the most charitable critic would find it hard to include within this definition Anthony Burgess' *A Clockwork Orange*, for example, or a play by Harold Pinter; and one may be pardoned for assuming that the *worst* that has been thought and said has become the contemporary cultural (or anticultural) norm. In the contemporary theater, for example, the following are representative: In Osborne's *A Patriot for Me*, two males embrace on the stage; in Picasso's *Le Désir Attrapé par la Queue*, a woman (aptly named "Tart") squats in a urinating position while a sound track obligingly makes appropriate noises; in Genêt's *The Balcony*, a man castrates himself. All three dramatists would doubtless claim that men *do* embrace, that women *do* urinate, that perhaps unbalanced men (though Genêt might dispute this designation) *do* occasionally castrate themselves. They might add that nothing on the contemporary stage can equal in horror the blinding of Gloucester in *King Lear* or the events of Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*.

There are, however, objections to these arguments. The blinding of Gloucester is by no means the whole of *King Lear*; nor is *Lear* the whole of Shakespeare. There is a balance of light and dark, of hope and despair, of sublimity and degradation in his works—a balance that is absent from much of modern literature. Nor is Webster the typical literary voice of that period: Spenser was writing *The Faerie Queene*, Sidney the *Arcadia*, Bacon the *Novum Organum*. The Elizabethan and Jacobean age produced a dazzling variety and wealth of ideas, epitomized perhaps by the magical fusion of passion and intellect we find in the poems of John Donne.

Moreover, over the centuries the cumulative wisdom of society has decreed that if males must embrace they do so in private; urination was also deemed a private affair; and presumably if a man *must* castrate himself, then he should do so in the privacy of his own house, and not frighten the horses. In a sense, the contemporary literary movement, while ostensibly bent on "liberation," is an attack on one of Western man's most cherished liberties—the liberty of privacy.

The mania for iconoclasm that permeates the modern arts is closely linked to egalitarianism. The surest way, after all, to achieve perfect equality is to reduce all men to the same level; to deny their dignity, to stress their animalism, and to sneer at any form of idealism. Men and women are (superficially, at least) most equal when copulating, masturbating, excreting, and urinating; and it is precisely these clinical aspects of human behavior that the contemporary avant garde has battened on with a zeal formerly associated with the excesses of Puritanism.

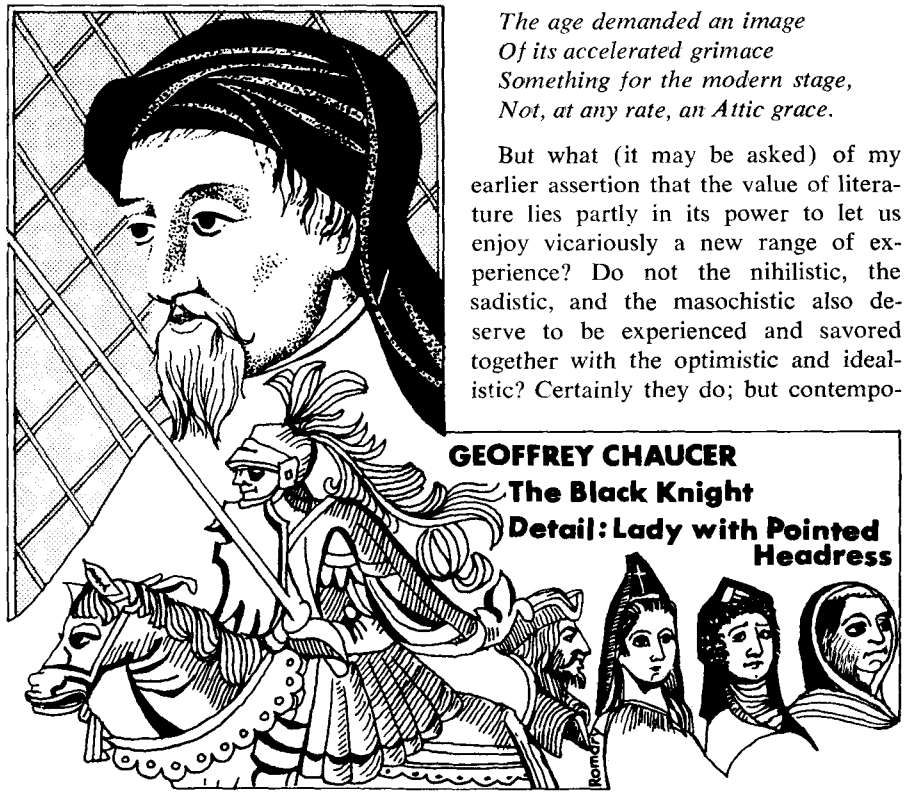
Indeed what we are witnessing now, both in the arts and in society as a whole, *is* a new form of Puritanism; and inverted though it may be, it has the same totalitarian nature allied to a lack of humor and balance that have always characterized Puritanism. This "Impuritanism" has its own imperatives, its own Decalogue: You *must* not honor your father and mother; you *must* commit adultery (or, if not married, fornicate like a ferret); you *must* covet, and you *must* steal. All this you *must* do in order to bring about a more just and equal society. If there is one great Commandment that includes all these, it is this: Do as you are told—revolt!

Tocqueville foresaw clearly the path twentieth century literature would take when he wrote: "The language, the dress, and the daily actions of men in democracies are repugnant to conceptions of the ideal." An ideal is, by definition, a concept or standard of supreme perfection, or, in human terms, a person of the highest excellence. Egalitarianism, on the contrary, demands a uniform parity of behavior and even of attainment. Under the pressure of such a demand, the ideal becomes an enemy, no longer a mode of life to be emulated but rather a force to be destroyed, since its existence denies (or at least renders questionable) the whole basis of an egalitarian society.

Contemporary artists, if they attempt to delineate an ideal, run the risk of being accused of snobbery, of being antiproletarian, illiberal, undemocratic, and even racist. Accordingly, all but a dwindling minority have joined the ranks of iconoclasts, consoling themselves that they are allied to "progress." Ezra Pound sadly expressed the artist's plight in "Hugh Selwyn Mauberly":

> *The age demanded an image*
> *Of its accelerated grimace*
> *Something for the modern stage,*
> *Not, at any rate, an Attic grace.*

But what (it may be asked) of my earlier assertion that the value of literature lies partly in its power to let us enjoy vicariously a new range of experience? Do not the nihilistic, the sadistic, and the masochistic also deserve to be experienced and savored together with the optimistic and idealistic? Certainly they do; but contempo-



GEOFFREY CHAUCER
The Black Knight
Detail: Lady with Pointed Headress

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rary ideas need to be weighed, not only against others of the same period, but against those of the past. And it is here that the average modern student is defenseless. He is rooted in a temporal provincialism, his interests and leisure reading confined almost totally to the products of contemporary writers, filmmakers, and television pundits; to what Shakespeare called "this ignorant present." This danger was discerned by T. S. Eliot when he wrote: "The reader of contemporary literature is not, like the reader of the established great literature of all time, exposing himself to the influence of divers and contradictory personalities; he is exposing himself to a mass movement of writers, who each of them think that they have something individually to offer, but are really all working together in the same direction."

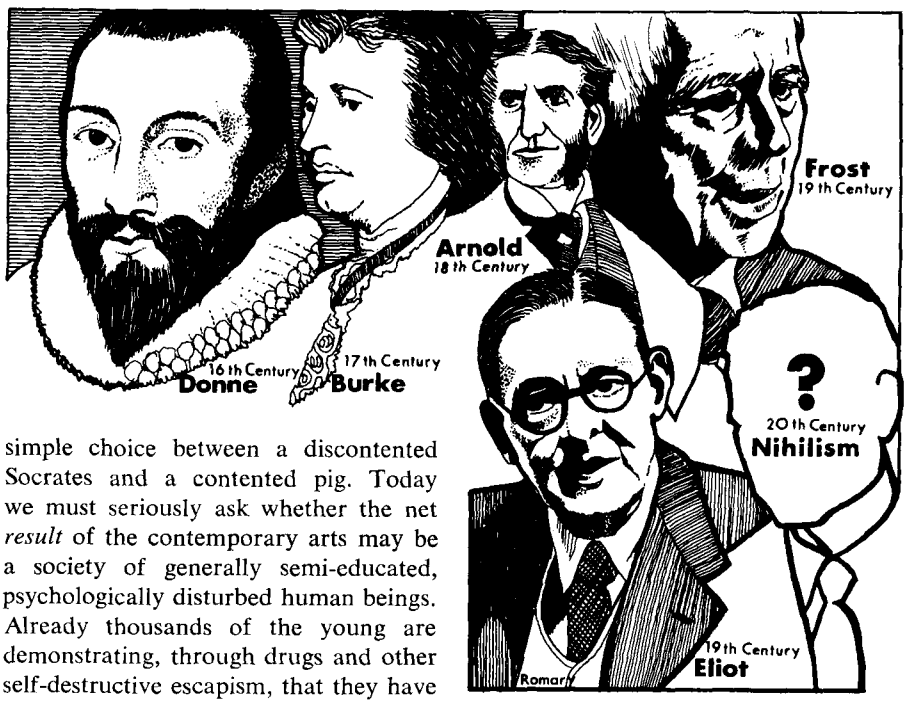
Is even the most convinced egalitarian among us certain that everyone is mentally and morally prepared for the works of Pinter, Genêt, Sartre, and Beckett? Have we yet fully taken into account, for example, the social effects not only of television but also of the paperback revolution which, coinciding with new concepts expounded by, and intended for, tough, well balanced adult minds, brings only too often to an ever-increasing youthful readership a distorted (because unbalanced) picture of human life and human nature? The question is not so simple as it was in the comparatively elitist society of John Stuart Mill's time. It is no longer a simple choice between a discontented Socrates and a contented pig. Today we must seriously ask whether the net *result* of the contemporary arts may be a society of generally semi-educated, psychologically disturbed human beings. Already thousands of the young are demonstrating, through drugs and other self-destructive escapism, that they have lost what Teilhard de Chardin called "that essential taste for life."

Reviewing my book *Trousered Apes* in the London *Sunday Telegraph* last year, Peregrine Worsthorne wrote:

> When the Marquis de Sade . . . originally pioneered the artist's exploration of the darker recesses of human depravity, he could at best hope to influence only a tiny fraction of his fellow citizens. His counterparts today, however, thanks to mass literacy and mass communications, can and do speak to all, their messages of corruption enjoying an ease of instant dissemination, an absence of contradiction, and the certainty of vulgarization that immediately transform them from a minority cult to a mass craving. . . . Of course the artist must be allowed to drive himself mad. But must he be allowed to drive us all mad?

To some, no doubt, all this will sound merely "reactionary." I would suggest, however, that Western society today, deluded into complacency by its technological sophistication and neglectful of the things of the spirit, is in the condition of a blind man tottering precariously on the edge of a cliff: In such a situation, it is wisdom itself to counsel an immediate halt, then a step backward. For the seemingly inevitable end of the present course must be the extermination of the species.

Though man possesses the conceptual ability to avert his own extinction, we must remember that the decisive exercise of that ability requires a deep belief in human dignity. Man is induced to regard himself, variously, as *merely* a trousered ape; or, in the view of certain scientists, "a walking bag of sea water"; or, in the view of behaviorists like B. F. Skinner, a complex but predictable collection of reactions to various stimuli. If any of these views is correct, then man must regard himself, finally, with contempt, as an exceptionally extravagant, predatory, and messy animal, whose disappearance from the earth would be, after all, no disaster—might not, in fact, be such a bad thing for other creatures. Joseph Wood Krutch has written: "Man's arts, his religion, and his civilization—these are fair and wonderful things; but they are fair and wonderful to him alone. With the extinction of his poetry would be extinguished also the only sensibility for which it has any meaning, and there would remain nothing capable of feeling a loss."



Clarification of Life

Great literature is that which over centuries has *sustained* and *elevated* mankind. It represents man's victory over the diverse and bewildering complexities of his own nature and of the world surrounding him. It results in "that clarification of life . . . a momentary stay against confusion" that Robert Frost held to be the purpose of poetry. Such art involves a prodigious effort and concentration on the part of its creator and demands a cultivated response from its audience. As such it is exclusive, in terms of both those who create it and those who can appreciate it. It necessarily constitutes a minority culture and is therefore to be detested and feared by most contemporary artists and writers, with their egalitarian aims and allegiance, reinforced by the financial rewards of catering to an undiscriminating mass market.

However, if much of contemporary literature no longer supports the human spirit; if on the contrary it spreads despair, alienation, and spiritual sterility, then it is contrary to the survival of the species and should be challenged. Man *is* more than a physical animal. He needs above all *hope* to endure. The destruction of such hope and the dissemination of nihilism are the effects of the New Impuritanism, which is not simply the old Puritanism writ large, but springs from a barely concealed cultural, social, and individual death wish. □

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LETTER FROM ROME

Fact, Fiction, and Agitprop

NENA OSSA

I FLEW from Santiago to Rome on August 15. The night before I left an army officer told me that Marxist activists had hidden away eighteen thousand military uniforms smuggled in from Cuba; that left-wing students were shedding their craggy Che Guevara locks for soldierly crewcuts; that the stores of illicit arms the army had been uncovering here and there were just a small portion of the whole; that, in sum, the army expected a bloody coup from the Left in which as many as thirty thousand Chileans might die. It was only under extreme pressure from the navy, he said, that Carlos Rodriguez, Cuba's prime minister, and Manuel Pineiro, Cuba's secret service chief, had been forced to leave the country. The military suspected that they were in Chile to prepare for the coming insurrection.

The Western press back then, in late August/early September, was having its doubts about Señor Allende's Chilean way. "It seems a mighty peculiar road to socialism—or to anywhere else for that matter," wrote David Holdin of the London *Sunday Times* on September 5. "The tragic prospect is that while the harassed and embattled president may succeed in averting a military coup, he may soon be powerless to govern or stave off overt civil war," said *Time* Magazine at about the same time. *Le Monde* admitted that Allende's Popular Unity had been a failure. Yet one week later, after Allende's fall, the press, from Marxist to socialist to independent, was at one in its shock and horror at what the generals had wrought.

The news caught me in Rome. "*Colpo di stato nel Cile*," headlined an evening paper. Within 24 hours posters glorifying Allende were plastered all over the city. "*Morti ai fascisti cileni*," they said, "*Imperialismo Americano e la Democrazia-Christiana cilena hanno creato un nuovo Vietnam*," "*Viva la lotta del popolo cileno*." The instant Communist slogans infuriated me. But my anger soon gave way to admiration for the skill and speed displayed. By poster, on podiums, in the press, all over Italy, Allende was being alchemized into a martyr of major proportions. At noon on September 12, the day after the coup, Allende's charming ambassador to Rome, Carlos Vasallo, told me that all Chilean airports had been closed, that all communications with the outside world had been suspended, that the only news reaching the outside world was from a pro-Allende clandestine radio station beaming to Argentina. Yet three hours later the Communist *Paese Sera* was announcing "*Allende assassinato*."

THE MOST outrageous report was by *Newsweek*'s John Barnes, who accepted uncritically all the horror reports and totally refused to give credence to the possibility of a planned left-wing coup on September 17. *Der Spiegel*'s beautifully written but equally undiscriminating piece blamed the right-wing Patria y Libertad movement for the chain of events—the strikes, demonstrations, rallies, etc.—that preceded the coup, but made no mention of the fourteen thousand foreign activists in Chile and ignored entirely the virulent campaign against the armed forces orchestrated by Senator Carlos Altamirano, the secretary general of the Socialist Party.

In Germany, a fortnight before the coup, a commentator on Deutsche Welle scornfully reported over the radio on Allende's "final grotesque trampoline gymnastics." Two weeks later, he would not interview me. "You are too far to the right," he said. But he was interested in interviewing Herr Meschkat, a friend of "Red" Rudi Dutschke, one of the five German leftists originally held in the National Stadium in Santiago. "I will not criticize Allende now that he is dead," said the man on Deutsche Welle. And it was to no avail to try to explain to him or to anyone else that Allende, a minority president, had managed to destroy everything Chile stood for before his election—and that he ruined the country. It proved impossible to explain that even if Chile is far away and not important to others, the havoc wrought by Allende distresses—Chileans.

In Geneva I talked to a Czech cab driver. To my astonishment he compared the Chile coup of 1973 to the Prague coup of 1968. The facts that no foreign army had marched on Chile, that Chile was not a dictatorship made no difference to him. He was ignorant of the fact that Chile's Communist Party was the only Latin American Communist Party to applaud the entry of Soviet tanks into Prague. While I was in Geneva I watched a French-language TV program which scandalized Chileans who had been out of the country for the last few years. It showed soldiers patrolling the streets of Santiago, others keeping watch along the roofs of the city. What no one pointed out was that the building on the rooftop of which the soldiers were watching was the building from which snipers had planned to fire on anti-Allende students at nearby Catholic University. These same Chileans and their Swiss friends, who were so loud in their denunciation of the Black Septembrists in Munich and Paris, apparently saw no parallel with terrorists in Chile. A British journalist who eyed the activities of Chilean guerrillas benevolently would turn around and tell me that Irish rebels should be shot out of hand. What tickled and amused me was how Allendista diplomats all over Europe—now out of jobs—hurried to and were warmly greeted, fed, lodged, and taken care of by their friends—in what they were accustomed to calling fascist Franco Spain.

This was how it was appraised from the outside. And yet a German businessman living in Chile would write me: "We must all thank the Chilean armed forces for liberating us from Marxism. I say this not only in the name of Chile but in the name of all the free world. This is the first time a country has been able on its own to get rid of a Marxist regime. I am conscious that international opinion is derogating this. It is necessary to have lived in Chile to understand. This was not a coup organized by a bunch of ambitious generals. It was the last and only chance to stop Russia and Cuba from seizing power entirely." □

Mrs. Ossa is NR*'s Chilean correspondent.*

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WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

Is Production A Crime?

A FRIEND of mine who has the good luck to be flying jets for American Airlines has sent me a clipping from a San Antonio newspaper, a story broadcast by the London Observer Service. According to this story, the adventurous Howard Hughes had a serious reason for moving to Nicaragua last year, and it wasn't to learn Spanish. It seems Hughes and Anastasio Somoza, *el jefe*, have joined forces to harvest the mineral riches of the ocean blue. A triangular patch of the Pacific, lying between Panama and Hawaii and southern California, contains the densest concentration of "nodules" of metal lying on the ocean floor —potato-sized lumps of copper, nickel, manganese, and cobalt, formed by precipitation of ions. The potatoes lie sleeping at a couple of thousand fathoms (for the nonsailor, that's about a third of a million centimeters; glad you asked). They can be harvested quite simply if you are Howard Hughes. All you do is borrow the skills that were developed in the government-sponsored Glomar Challenger program ($80 million), improve upon them at your own expense ($umpteen), and launch a 618-foot vessel called the Glomar Explorer, complete with a submersible barge of truly Nixonian magnitude.

The average ratio of capital outlay to yearly gross revenue is 4 to 1 in land mining operations. Hughes is attracted to the sea because that ratio drops to a small fraction of the land figure. At sea, according to estimates, one dollar of capital outlay brings home three dollars in yearly revenues. It is possible that Hughes, with his ability to reach decisions quickly, has once again stolen the march on corporations that think by committee and stands to make a tremendous fortune by getting there first and bringing in the harvest while prices are sky high.

And that might help to bring prices down in world markets. And, would you believe it, that might be a crime?

I quote from the published article: "The Hughes-Somoza partnership ignores a United Nations resolution declaring the riches of the ocean a common heritage to be shared by all mankind. The partnership's operations lend urgency to a meeting of 91 nations to be held next May to prepare a new law of the sea to control ocean exploration for the common good."

THIS column is officially dedicated to describing free-market solutions to problems that are considered to be soluble only in governmental elixir. We can predict with complete certainty that if the governments of the world "unite" to "control" the use of oceanic minerals for the "common" "good," the situation will deteriorate. Instead of uniting in the good cause, the various nations will simply find that the existence of riches to be divided is a new battleground for the waging of old wars, and in place of union we shall have conflict. Instead of "control" the hundred nations of the world will be able to agree only on delay. A hint of their mode is the use of the word "urgency" to describe a get-together planned for *next May*. By then a man with Hughes's wit and wherewithal might have pumped the Pacific dry. And note the ignorance underlying the idea that these minerals are a "common" good. Far from it. They are a good only to those who need them. Some societies don't need cobalt, others have religious scruples against the use of certain substances. These materials are economic goods, but they are not "commonly" good in the way a breath of fresh air is as "good" to me as to any living creature.

What freedom does is to produce certain items for those who express a need for them in the marketplace. Hot peppers are not produced as if they were a common good and are not regulated by international pepper authorities; they are produced for the use of people who eat flaming foods, and the same scientific brilliance that produces food for the table can scrape potatoes from the benthic deep. And why are we to presume that the private market will perform this service in chaos and inhumanity, whereas governments will do it in peace and light? This antiprofit frame of mind resists the idea that new forms of profit and new forms of property can be created in tandem with the development of science and technique. The development of techniques to survey the surface of Mars and Venus should lead to the ability to survey the oceans and mark off the sections for homesteaders, but the chances are it won't. Yet it was the supposed absence of the technical ability to define boundaries that led lawyers and rulers to think of the high seas as something not "private" and therefore beyond the reach of certain modes of behavior. Times have changed. We can survey the oceans quite accurately enough to mark off the mineral fields and work them as private operations. Aircraft above the oceans are guiding themselves with accuracies measured in feet. There is nothing silly in "owning" a square mile of ocean floor in the Pacific.

If Howard Hughes really wants to enrich mankind—or, in free-market terms, if he wants to enrich himself—then the big challenge would be for him to establish his ownership of a section of ocean floor and mine it just like the plain folks back home. He could argue that wetness or dryness has nothing to do with his claim to property; he has access, he can survey his boundaries, he has acquired his property without force or fraud or violence; he is enjoying it without disturbing his neighbors; and he is exploiting it in such a way that raw material costs all over the world are declining. Peace and prosperity would be found along the road that leads to private ownership of the oceans. Unfortunately the ignorance of our governors will thwart that benign possibility, and we run instead the very likely chance of socialized administration, political conflict, naval warfare, delayed economic development, higher prices, shortages, and so on. Is it not reasonable, sometimes, to wish all government bureaucrats were at the bottom of the sea? □

William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, *an investment advisory service, and publisher of the* Financial Book Digest.

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Any Prospect of a Classical America?

RUSSELL KIRK

IN THE RUINOUS YEAR of 1918, a champion of historic preservation said this, and was heeded: "Do not touch a single stone. Preserve monuments, old things, documents. All this is history. It is our pride."

Who said that—the president of the Daughters of the American Revolution? Not so. I quote from the writings of Lenin, who then addressed the Moscow Soviet. But today the Communists, degenerate from their sires, are preparing to pull down most of what remains of Moscow's old architectural splendor—including the Lenin Museum.

Of course we are no better in this bourgeois American land. The urban "renewers" and the Concrete Lobby already have swept away most buildings of interest in most of our cities. Those gentry long to devastate even Charleston and New Orleans, just now, but meet with resistance. In most places, the resistance is less resolute.

Nevertheless, some among us continue to maintain the cause of architectural splendor. I think just now of the Society for a Classical America, a recently founded group with headquarters at 10-41 51st Avenue, Long Island City, New York. The Society seeks "to promote the Classical tradition in the arts of our nation." Its third annual handsome volume, *Classical America*, has just been published. This is a big book or magazine of some 150 pages, profusely illustrated, and is edited by Professor William A. Coles of the University of Michigan.

America's public buildings were deliberately erected in classical styles, in part because those forms symbolized Greek and Roman republicanism. Of recent years, our public buildings (with very few exceptions) have been designed in the best tradition of upended shoebox. *Classical America* reminds us of what we have lost, in public architecture and in domestic; of what we still retain; and of what, granted imagination, we still might build in classical taste.

Among many interesting illustrated articles, the third volume of *Classical America* contains Dr. Coles's "History of America's Greatest Fountain" (at Belle Isle, Detroit); Richard Cornfeld's "The Poetic Vision: The Design of the St. Louis World's Fair"; "The Dinsha House," by John B. Bayley; Mr. H. Stafford Bryant's article on "Architecture and Urbanism in Riverhead, Long Island"; and a portfolio of five original designs by Mr. Clay Lancaster.

Mr. Lancaster assumes that some people still are willing and able to build houses in classical styles.

Finding the craftsmen is the hardest task. (For good stonemasons, New York City has to import Italians temporarily nowadays.) The cost itself need not be prohibitive, except in the sense that all solid construction is terribly costly nowadays. Yet the thing can be done. Three years ago, on my native blasted heath at Mecosta, Michigan, we built a brick wing (a tail wagging its dog) three stories high, connected by a passage to my ancestral house, which my great-grandfather had erected in a "bracketed" Italianate style. We executed the tremendous wing much in the same style; it cost real money, but not more than a "contemporary" design of thorough dullness (yet employing similar materials and for the same amount of cubic space) would have cost. Were we some year to add yet another wing in this pleasantly archaic mode (which is eminently livable), we would have—so Mr. Hew Lorimer, RSA tells us—the "grandest Italianate villa in Michigan," a noble architectural composition.

OUR ancestral house long has been called Piety Hill (irreverently, in the old days, by the hard-drinking crew downtown). We think it a pious labor to have added to the house in its own tradition. Such a house requires no air-conditioning and wastes no space. At Mecosta, or at least in our county, workmen able (nay, eager) to do such building still can be found. A decade or two from now, they may be extinct even in our backwoods.

Such a house will please the eyes of its occupants a hundred years from now, and longer. But who will want to live in a "contemporary" house of 1973 when the year 2003 comes round?

I know that almost nobody can afford to build splendidly on the really grand scale, in this year of combined inflation and austerity. Piety Hill is very small potatoes indeed by the side of the Villa Vizcaya at Biscayne Bay (1916), sumptuously photographed for this new number of *Classical America*. As yet, nobody has designed a satisfactorily classical "mobile home," in which vehicle most of our population will come to dwell, as things are moving. But I do suggest that anybody able to pay for something more than a trailer ought to think afresh of classical styles.

TAKE the imaginary "Marigold Cottage," one of Mr. Lancaster's five original designs, modeled upon a little house in Lexington, Kentucky that was demolished more than half a century ago. It measures 32 feet by 36, a story and a half high, with an arcaded porch. One might build it, I think, for little more than the price of a substantial alleged "Cape Cod" or bastard "ranch type." Yet how graceful and strangely commodious the little thing is—including even a library with a Palladian window!

For folk who need more space, Mr. Lancaster offers "Oakmead," derived from South Carolina's plantation houses of the Federalist era; and "Elmsward" (less costly) in the Greek Revival manner c. 1850. Also there is "Bird Park," with classical columns (a feature so often misused by ignorant builders today), based on Bluegrass Greek Revival. He even provides us with a "small townhouse or courthouse," capped by an octagonal rotunda.

In Chicago newspapers, one encounters the advertisement of a development firm which offers to build to order a battlemented laird's house in Scottish baronial tradition. As a Scot, I am tempted; but the classical styles are more deeply rooted in American experience. I won't despair of a classical revival in an American Augustan age until the Executive Mansion is demolished to make way for White House Shopping Plaza. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

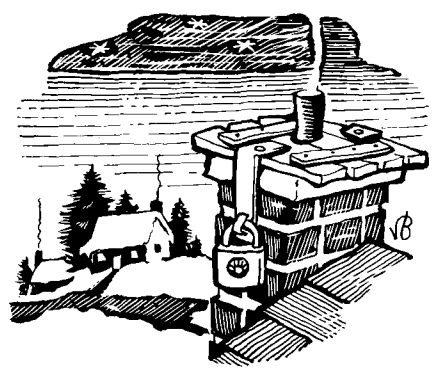
D. KEITH MANO

Humbug

Christmas is a diseased thing. It stinks of vulgarity and waste: as if the Three Wise Men had brought Jesus a whoopee cushion, an electric callus eraser (monogrammed JC), and, for His dog in the manger, a disposable plastic pooper scoop. Santa Claus® and Mr. Clean® out of the same hard-sell spot. Christmas has become a shaggy dog story, an insult, a prank: trick or treat, the big Halloween. And, God forgive us, it's American. By our gifts we are known.

The mail-order catalogues come, kicking December upstairs to mid-August. Probably three thousand pages per middle-class home per year. They need plain brown wrappers. The illustrations are exaggerative, cartoon-like; the captions have a smug-smutty stag smoker brashness. I remember George Orwell's essay on the British comic postcard: "The designs, like those of a child, are full of heavy lines and empty spaces, and all the figures in them, every gesture and attitude, are deliberately ugly, the faces grinning and vacuous, the women monstrously parodied . . . a sort of subworld of smacked bottoms and scrawny mothers-in-law which is part of Western European consciousness." It isn't a subworld of our consciousness; it's a staple. Variations on the studio birthday card that goes, "so YOU'RE ANOTHER YEAR OLDER?" And inside, "TOUGH S--T." Our sentiments are test-marketed on men's-room walls. A civilization that can locate no mean, in its expression of feeling, between *Love Story* and a pratfall.

Rude, brummagem gimmicks that obsolesce in a single week: Christmas to New Year's. Pine needles on your tree have a better shelf life. Artificial chest hair. A 38-inch golf ball. Rubber sugar packets. A face that peers out of your john. Nudie soap. Cheesecake potholders. A musical outhouse. The game of strip checkers. And an adult pull toy. "Definitely not for the kiddies or the vicar's wife. It's a tiny rolling bed, occupied but blanketed. When you pull it along the floor—it comes alive with action!" Plus two dozen "executive" items: executive hex nut, executive jack straws, executive building blocks, executive thought organizer. The word instructs: It has a sanctioning force here. It implies that uselessness is a special perquisite of the rich and the



powerful. Uselessness has class: Management abilities are a matter of thrown bull. "The successful executive is one who delegates responsibility, shifts the blame, and appropriates the credit. He has his hand on the phone, his feet on the desk, and his thought in outer space."

Cynicism is driven into the catalogues deeper than an Afro comb. Orwell's topic headings are perfect: sex, home-life, drunkenness, w.c. jokes, social snobbery (executive toys jibe at the upper middle class). Gifts aren't functional—as a quart of Dewar's or a year's subscription to the pill might be—they are small travesties. Emblems, in fact. Put a plaster figurine of W.C. Fields in your creche this Christmas. Apron quote: "Any man who hates dogs and children can't be all bad." Game room poster quote: "Anything worth having is worth cheating for." Fields, whose physiognomy was so gross it could hardly stand caricature, serves as the mail-order casuist in residence. Alcoholism, shyster schemes, laziness, and infidelity of an effete sort—vicarious, cheap; mistress from a *Playboy* calendar, not from the secretarial pool. Catalogues are male-directed, but the male is married. An artificial seven-year itch in your stocking, "D" batteries not included.

Orwell: "This reflects, on a comic level, the working-class outlook which takes it as a matter of course that youth and adventure—almost, indeed, individual life—end with marriage. When one examines McGill's postcards more closely, one notices that his brand of humor only has meaning in relation to a fairly strict moral code . . . not intended as pornography but, a subtler thing, as a skit on pornography. They do at least imply a stable society in which marriage is indissoluble and family loyalty taken for granted." Perhaps. But the comic postcard was a quaint, peripheral phenomenon. Mail-order catalogues are central: our gross national product. They proliferate at Christmas, supposedly a sacred time. It's as if the pagan folk rites put out of business by Christianity were scoring a delayed revenge. No one seems offended, though a skit on pornography is more repulsive by half than hundred-proof hard-core. It is corrupt, yet impotent: the debauch of eunuchs. Gift catalogues characterize a society that has accepted desperation and burlesque as its mode; has institutionalized them for a quick turnover.

IT'S EASIER to give than to receive. Christmas mugs us, a straight razor against the throat. Children pedal up and down past neighbor houses, rubbing playmates' noses in relative affluence. Sweaters, shirts, ties make them indignant: Frivolity is a sign of power. It's an insane time; heck, you've got a dead tree in your living room. A crossbow-shaped bug killer. A square globe. A gift box of one-inch toilet paper rolls. Sure, frankincense and myrrh weren't essentials either, but at least they didn't come personalized. A pith cutter, double-entendre in plastic, with your initials gold-lettered on it: made more perfectly unserviceable because you can't give it away. We mark things as dogs mark hydrants. Our giving is

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pathological, forced. In this we are—no more, no less—a sick people. Three weeks before Christmas the Marxist line on capitalism sounds just about right.

Orwell closes. "The corner of the human heart that they speak for might easily manifest itself in worse forms, and I for one should be sorry to see them vanish." True once: no longer. Worse forms have come. Gift-giving deadens us, like those printed Christmas cards I invariably throw out—SEASONS GREETINGS, THE JONES FAMILY—with a skyline of New York City, Bethlehem gone urban. Christmas is joyless, obligatory: a 1040 form of the soul. I say to hell with it, and I wish you only a peace-filled, happy few moments—the birth remembered of my Savior. And yours. □

RECORDINGS

WILLIAM E. RATLIFF

A Branden for Every Burger

Marketing a recording of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos these days is getting to be a slick cougar-in-the-front-seat sort of business. With more than twenty complete versions available, the typical manufacturer doesn't even claim that his new recording is better than the competition; he merely insists that it is different. The High Priest of Rocker Bach, for instance, has recently recorded a groovy and swinging double-time version, and the Musicologists' Bane offers nothing less than the Brandenburgs before they became the Brandenburgs.

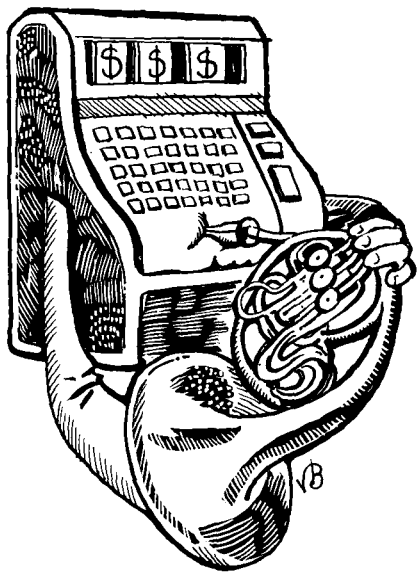
But being different doesn't necessarily count for much when it comes to recordings of these six superb chamber concertos (variously scored for from seven to 13 players), which were written for and played by Bach's court orchestra at Köthen before being dedicated to the Margrave of Brandenburg in 1721. No other musical works by any composer are found in such a variety of contrasting performances. Differences in ensemble size, instruments used, and interpretive styles, not to mention quality of playing, may easily make one man's Yum-Yum another man's Katisha.

Oldtimers and incurable romantics who prefer full orchestral transcriptions of chamber music had best settle for the excellent performance by the Philharmonia Orchestra and outstanding soloists under Otto Klemperer.

Happily, that grumpy critic who observed "better fewer but better" is now having his musical way, and chamber orchestra performances, still with considerable doubling in the strings and using modern instruments, are now the most readily available, often on budget labels. This wholly desirable step toward less magnificence and greater clarity of sound and style is typified in versions conducted by Faerber and Ristenpart. A new recording by the Heidelberg Chamber Orchestra for the Musical Heritage Society is notable for exceptionally accurate playing of trumpeter Ivo Preis in Concerto #2.

But that is just the beginning. The two finest performances available are also the most unusual to modern listeners. Recordings by the Concentus Musicus of Vienna and the Collegium Aureum reflect in most respects the aesthetic attitudes and theories, and utilize the musical resources, of the baroque period. Most obvious are the softer-sounding but more colorful instruments of the day, including the valveless trumpet and horns, and the elimination of almost all doubling of parts. This reviewer is inclined to prefer the strings of the Concentus Musicus and the trumpet (Tarr) and horns (Penzel and Seifert) of the Collegium Aureum. Though musicologists may dispute a tempo here or a stopped horn there, neither recording has any serious weaknesses.

The Concentus Musicus performance, recorded in the baroque hall of the Schönburg Palace in Vienna, is captured superbly by Telefunken on only two microphones, eschewing the deplorable gimmicks (some call them "refinements") so often employed by recording companies these days. Furthermore, it comes in an attractive box which includes an excellent illustrated introduction to baroque instruments and the Brandenburg Concertos by Concentus founder Nikolaus Harnoncourt. The Collegium performance, on the other hand, with good sound, is only half the price.



A FASCINATING English recording, masterminded by the late Thurston Dart and played by Neville Marriner and the Orchestra of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, has just been released by Philips on the U.S. market. Dart was a productive and eccentric musicologist whose "thing" here was to return to the original Köthen scores, in several cases somewhat different from the 1721 versions, and incorporate musicological insights of his own.

His insights as to Köthen instrumentation—interestingly but not always convincingly defended—include the substitution of French horn (Tuckwell) for trumpet in #2, and the use of the high sopranino recorders in #4. Marriner and his ensemble, without doubling of parts but on modern instruments, give the beautiful, near-flawless performances we have come to expect from them. The surpassing beauty of the horns in #1 is representative of the superb playing throughout and of the modern sound, if not always modern style, of the interpretation.

"Anthony Newman and Friends" create a spirit and sound of the baroque that would have singed old Johann Sebastian's powdered wig. Newman is an imaginative and accomplished musician, and there is a certain appeal in some of his supposedly "authentic" rendition, particularly his effort to apply such baroque practices as ornamentation.

Over all, however, his recording falls short of many others on the market. He and his "friends" too often stress rock over Bach, bolt through movements as if pursued by Alberich and his scourge,

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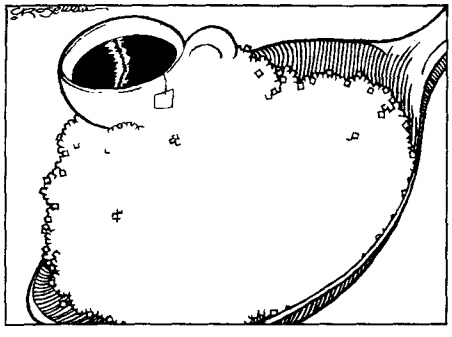
mix baroque-style and modern instruments, make musicologically unjustifiable alterations in the score, and ornament ineffectively. Some of their playing is simply second-rate and ensemble balance is often very bad despite (or because of?) innumerable microphones. Finally, the packaging and sometimes the flavor of the recording as a whole are *J. C. Superstar* commercialism intended only too obviously to grab some dollars from the musically undiscriminating and affluent young with-it generation. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

England without Chips

It is easy to give a case of Laurent Perrier Grand Siècle 1964, or a drugstore bottle of aftershave lotion, but how to choose a nice, middle-range Christmas present? Mind you, I am saying present, not gift, least of all the sort of gift that clutters up one's life. There are always books—not general books, where you never know if the recipient would not have preferred a volume



printed in Ceylon in 1901 (as my husband does), but books you can have opinions and feelings about; books which won't make people sore at you, but which will impress them with your savoir faire. In other words, cookbooks.

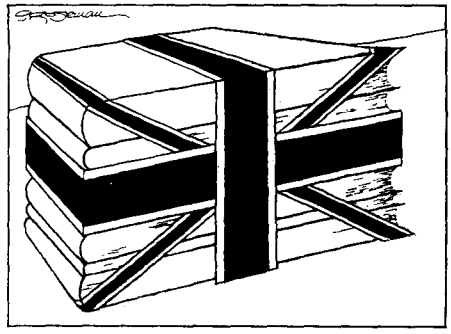
COOKBOOKS are like people: They serve different purposes. The best ones are those which entertain you, instruct you (to the extent you wish to be instructed), and are simply good to cook from. There is one in this year's avalanche of cookbooks that fits this description—*The Seven Centuries Cookbook: From Richard II to Elizabeth II*, by Maxime McKendry (McGraw-Hill, 240 pages, $10.95). The author, whom I have long admired for her delightful approach to food in *Vogue*, gives us a literate and very entertaining account of English food and how it developed. The book is divided into five chronological sections, each one preceded by an introduction about the food and drink of the time, followed by historical recipes and their modern versions (with both English and American measurements).

The book is meant to be a vindication of English gastronomy, a subject that most Americans consider, rightly and wrongly, with sorrow. Rightly because cheap food in England is inedible, whereas in an American luncheonette you can get at least a decent sandwich or hamburger. Rightly also because most middle food is not very good either, though I really can't see how Americans can get on their high horse about that, seeing the trash that is served in our restaurants (especially in those away from the Atlantic and Pacific coasts). Wrongly, because English upper-class or farm food can be marvelous, varied, and interesting. This is the food Mrs. McKendry writes about, explaining how it came about, like England's culture, as an assimilation and anglification of the various foreign influences that swept the country.

The author has an eye for the details that make an historical period come alive. There have always been food laws in England; one Tudor statute limited the size of the fish that could be netted in the Thames. In 1561 a woman caught bringing "younge frye of dyvers kynd unlawfull" was paraded around town wearing a fragrant crown of tiny fishes. How lovely if we could do something similar with the corporation people who gunk up our food!

Historically, English food has been very spicy—reading medieval and Renaissance recipes makes one think of a spice catalogue. The obvious explanation for this is that spices covered up the off-taste of foods before they could be preserved in other ways than salting down or drying. I can't imagine that this is the whole explanation for so definite a taste that, to my knowledge, has no real counterpart in other European cooking. It must have something to do—though what I'm not quite sure of—with the English penchant for spiciness in private affairs. Mrs. McKendry makes the interesting point (and the book is full of such points) that the medieval English love of spices and seasonings became bastardized in the bottled flavorings, ketchups, and sauces that clutter so many English tables. And the sheer amount of food served, for instance, at Buckingham Palace at the turn of the century will make the reader gasp. The constant preoccupation with food, even in middle-class households, surely shows that the Victorians and Edwardians were very boring indeed.

THIS BOOK reminds one that upper-class English food is totally different



from working-class food, and that it has always been so. In Italy, for instance, duke and peasant like the same kind of food; when you have more money the food will be better, but not basically different. The English upper and middle classes now show a great interest in international food, but in Italy, nobody cares. Italian fancy restaurants cook elegant variations on the same old themes, but in England, they cook different foods. I have always thought that one of the reasons why Italian life is so much more democratic than English life, income and social class notwithstanding, is that all Italians eat the same food.

The recipes in the book are great fun to cook from. Arabella Boxer, a stylish lady in every way, has edited them and, together with the author, fixed them up for our kitchens. As I said before, you get the original version of a recipe and the modern one. And I do admire the way the ladies have managed to produce good food, with an amazing amount of authenticity, without falling into the excesses of the originals; our palates just can't tolerate that much spicing any more.

The book, illustrated with well-chosen black-and-white pictures, is a present of which one may confidently say that it will please everybody in the house. □

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BOOKS

The Spoiled Minister's Sermon

Economics and the Public Purpose
By John Kenneth Galbraith
Houghton, 334 pp., $10

FERDINAND MOUNT

The conventional wisdom is that John Kenneth Galbraith is a lousy economist. Scholars who preoccupy themselves with the surface of things, to use Galbraith's own putdown, point to his inability to understand market processes, his lack of intellectual rigor, and his distaste for wrestling with the complexities of existence. All these traits are well to the fore in his latest treatise, a *Summa* of Galbraithian doctrine.

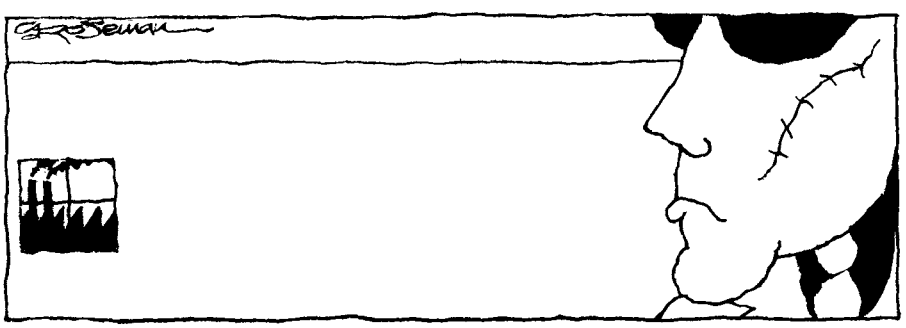
The first half of the book repeats the message of *The New Industrial State*. The second half embroiders on the theme of *The Affluent Society*. Neither thesis improves on rereading. It will be recalled that, according to Galbraith, big business is the Cosa Nostra of the modern economy and the managerial class provides its hit-men, remorseless automata completely controlled by The System. Galbraith groups large-scale manufacturing firms together under the heading of "the planning system" and opposes to them small-scale, preponderantly service industries, otherwise called the "market system." He contends that the planning system today serves the interest not of the public but of the managers, scientists, engineers, and marketing men who together make up its "technostructure."

The technostructure, we are told, is concerned not with making a profit but with increasing its own status, security, and remuneration. This is achieved by taking the growth of the firm as its primary aim. The planning system first decides what it will produce, controls the costs of its raw materials and components by signing long-term contracts with its weaker suppliers in the market system and in the less developed countries, sets its own prices after amiably meeting the demands of its labor unions, and then persuades the public to buy its goods by the deceitful and invariably successful techniques of advertising or, in the case of goods sold to the government, by bribing the relevant members of Congress and the bureaucracy.

Thus, as Galbraith likes to wrap up in his condescending fashion, the planning system. Simple, isn't it?

According to Galbraith, "the central problem of the modern economy is unequal development." The provision of housing, buses, trains, and medical services languishes because they are all in the disadvantaged market system while General Dynamics and IBM float on a bed of down—feathers provided by the taxpayer if need be, as in the case of Lockheed.

Galbraith's solution is not to chop up the giants or to subject them to the bracing climate of the market but to bring the small fry out of the cold by enfolding them in the warm embrace of the State. Monopoly is the name of the game; competition is either fantasy or disaster.



Finally, with the self-conscious daring of a Jesus freak striding into a massage parlor, Galbraith adjures us to heed "the socialist imperative."

This imperative is apparently dictated not by moral sentiment (Galbraith is severe on slop) but by the implacable evidence of economic reality. What evidence? Galbraith draws on such monumental works of the human mind as *The Greening of America* and *The Limits to Growth*, an ecological penny dreadful which has aroused serious controversy as to whether its forecasts are wrong by a factor of three or a factor of six. But his most frequent source appears to be the top of his head.

It would be hard to conceive of an analysis which bears less relation to actuality in any industrial nation, with the possible exception of Japan, a country given only two passing mentions. Galbraith's picture of the large firm as a calm oasis of power, security, and prosperity is wildly at variance with the reality of executives being fired in droves, costs, earnings, and profits veering erratically, and the incessant sale, amalgamation, and closure of plants and product divisions.

True, profits are not now considered in isolation as a measure of performance; but that is only because inflation and other problems of accounting demand consideration of new criteria like share/earnings ratios as well.

True, very large firms do not often go bust, or are not allowed to by the government; but the notion that they

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UNA VOLTA, about a dozen years ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

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are impervious to recession or miscalculation is ludicrous. Look at the track record of any major U.S. airline over the past ten years. Consider the mass layoffs that have struck even such legendarily successful giants as Boeing. In what sense do large firms offer security of employment or of earnings superior to those in the market system?

And if the technostructure cannot even look after its own, how can it be said to be running the show?

The proportionate split between large and small businesses really dates from the end of the last century. The precise relation between the growth and distribution of wealth and the optimum size of the firm has absorbed economists ever since. Are the trustbusters always right, or was Schumpeter wiser in seeing oligopoly and monopoly as the motor of progress? Where a project demands the investment of large sums of capital over a long period, are competiton and innovation not mutually sustaining but in direct conflict?

What is certain in this fascinating problem is that Galbraith's naive caricature of omnipotent big business will not do. There is hardly a single phase of his argument that is not open to serious question.

FOR EXAMPLE, the railways didn't decline because of the highway lobby but because traveling by car is more convenient. European railways may run on time with the aid of huge subsidies from the taxpayer, but passengers and freight still continue to switch from rail to road. Nor is it true that Americans cannot run public transportation systems. The Greyhound buses used to be the envy of Europe. Nor are European medical services flawless. The British National Health Service manages to meet its consistently low if cheerful standard only by exploiting cheap skilled labor from former colonies where the need for doctors and nurses is desperate.

Contrary to Galbraith's assertion, Americans spend relatively more on medical services than almost any other nation. The cause of shortcomings in public services throughout the Western world is the political control over rents, fares, and fees. Politicians impose these artificial restrictions because the poor often cannot pay the economic rate. The real contrast is of course precisely the reverse of Galbraith's slogan. We suffer from public affluence and private squalor.

I can, however, detect one assertion in *Economics and the Public Purpose* which is both true and significant, namely, that "a market system in which wages and prices are set by the State is a market system no more." Just what such a system is the whole of Eastern Europe has been discovering for the past 25 years. Yet wage and price controls are Galbraith's pet darlings. He was never happier, it seems, than when fixing prices down in wartime Washington. Alas, that experience failed to open his eyes to the insolubility of his dilemma. The President and the Congress are, he is convinced, eternal suckers for the wiles of the planning system; our political leaders are invariably venial old buffoons. Yet it is precisely these buffoons who are to exercise ever greater control over our lives in the ideal commonwealth.

GALBRAITH SAYS poignantly: "There is no easy answer. The only hope is a publicly cognizant President and, above all, a publicly cognizant and vigilant legislature." Gee whiz, 334 pages to tell us *that*. Just so does Rousseau, after outlining the complex arrangements for utopia, throw in his hand and call for a godlike legislator to give laws to men.

It may sound perverse to compare the urbane and beloved sage of the TV screen with the paranoiac of Geneva. Yet there is in a Galbraith a recurrent misanthropy which is only half civilized by his mannered wit. Men in general and Americans in particular are, it seems, poor creatures with their frivolous tastes and their hectic lust for the consumption of useless gadgets. They are so easy to con, so obsessed by snobbery and gluttony and the fear of smelling. They huddle together in their little boxes, work themselves to the bone, believe what they are told, will do anything for money.

And look at those grave charlatans who call themselves economists; what rubbish they talk, solemnly solving problems they have themselves invented.

There is more in all this than the facile cynicism of the professional performer. We catch an echo of the bleak Calvinism of Galbraith's forebears. Men are fallen, not to be redeemed by their own efforts; only the grace of God or, in His absence, of government can lift them up. Galbraith's most unusual trait is his contempt for hard work and his unmistakable dislike of the conscientious small businessman who has a passion for "self-exploitation." Even so did certain extreme Calvinist sects berate the futility of excessive diligence in the face of eternity.

No, the conventional wisdom is wrong as usual. John Kenneth Galbraith is not a lousy economist. He is not an economist at all. He is a preacher, and a preacher of the most uncompromising sort. Hence his popularity. Most people have little relish for economic argument, but everybody likes a good hellfire sermon. Better still, Galbraith is irreverent, even raffish. His manner is unbuttoned, almost unfrocked. In that long, grim visage, that rasping voice, that wisecracking contempt there is just the barest hint of a spoiled minister. □

The Lusitania
By Colin Simpson
Little, Brown, 303 pp., $8.95

A DIRTY BUSINESS

FRANCIS RUSSELL

The liquid sibilant name goes back to the uttermost reaches of my childhood memories, my mother returning from England in 1913 on the great four-funneled ocean queen. I still have some letterheads and a menu card preserved from that voyage.

More coherently, at the age of five, I remember my mother's shocked and angry voice announcing that the Germans had sunk the *Lusitania*. To most Americans at the time it seemed a wanton act that cried for vengeance: An unarmed passenger ship with American women and children aboard sunk without warning, and not so much as a popgun aboard to justify the sinking.

If any one event can be said to have swung American opinion from peace to war from 1915 through 1916 and made Wilson's war declaration the following year inevitable, the torpedoing of the

Ferdinand Mount, *on leave from the London* Daily Mail, *has recently published* The Theatre of Politics *and is now writing a novel. . . .* **Anthony Lejeune**, *another Englishman, is a longtime contributor to* NR. *. . .* **Morton A. Kaplan**, *a professor of political science at the University of Chicago, is the author of* On Freedom and Dignity: The Importance of the Sacred in Politics. *. . .* **Francis Russell**, **Rene Kuhn Bryant**, *and* **William H. Peterson** *are frequent contributors to these pages.*

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Lusitania was that event. In the swirling emotions of the time, the obvious questions were not asked.

Only with the opening of Admiralty and Foreign Office archives after half a century has Colin Simpson, a correspondent for the London *Sunday Times*, been able to write the comprehensive and definitive account of the great ship's fate. It is a sordid tale of evasion and concealment all the way. The *Lusitania* was, in fact, an armed cruiser, loaded with munitions. The Germans had every justification under international law for sinking her. As the British Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Fisher, wrote secretly to his German counterpart, Admiral von Tirpitz, a few weeks after the sinking: "I don't blame you. . . . I'd have done the same thing myself."

Not only was the *Lusitania* armed, but she sailed into a trap of which the Admiralty was well aware, for the British had broken the German naval code and knew the location of every U-boat.

Was Churchill as First Lord of the Admiralty ready to sacrifice a great liner with those aboard in order to embroil the United States in war? So it seems. Wilson, on hearing of the sinking, went into the garden and cried. But he never let on then or afterward that he knew the *Lusitania* was a munitions ship. Lord Mersey, who headed a board of inquiry a month after the sinking, told his children privately that the whole affair was "a damned dirty business." That is the conclusion to be drawn from Mr. Simpson's grim book. □

Chronicles of Wasted Time, Vol. I, The Green Stick
By Malcolm Muggeridge
Morrow, 284 pp., $6.95

NO REGRETS

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Some years ago, seeking to prove the obvious, I listed all the participants in a season of television talk-shows, dividing them into left wingers, right wingers, and nonpolitical. The overwhelming majority, of course, were left wingers. But one name didn't fit into any category—Malcolm Muggeridge. He is that rarest of things, a man who speaks and writes with an absolutely individual voice. During the past few years he has mellowed and ripened (though without losing any of his sharpness), and become a sort of Christian guru, exasperating or admirable according to taste but incapable of being dull.

When the first volume of his autobiography, *Chronicles of Wasted Time*, was published in Britain last year, it was hailed by almost everybody who reviewed it as a marvelously rich book, fascinating in its highly personal commentary on people and events, corrosively witty, profoundly serious, and beautifully written. Muggeridge bows to none of our modern idols, subscribes to none of the modish doctrines: and yet no one could call him a cynic. He is a man of faith.

THIS first volume, entitled *The Green Stick* (from a legend, mentioned by Tolstoy, about a mysterious hidden stick, on which words were carved that would destroy all the evil in the hearts of men and bring them everlasting happiness), covers the period from his birth in 1903 to the point, thirty years later, when he returned to Western Europe from being a freelance correspondent in Moscow, whither he had gone, full of doctrinaire confidence, to see the New Civilization taking shape. It is a chronicle not so much of what happened to Muggeridge as of what happened in him; of his spiritual and intellectual education.

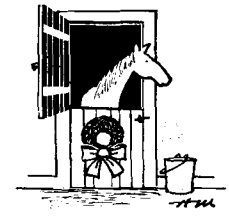
He was born into a family of dedicated, lower-middle-class socialists; his father actually became a Labor MP for a while. This background was reinforced by his marriage to Beatrice Webb's niece; a connection which introduced him to the aristocracy of the Left, a nauseating bunch who (then, as now) combined social and intellectual snobbery with theoretical egalitarianism, love of mankind with total ruthlessness about the fate of actual human beings, dogmatic rationalism with breathtaking credulity. Young Muggeridge was dazzled at first (and remains devoted to his wife, Kitty): but closer acquaintance contributed a good deal to his ideological disillusionment.

His education, in a formal sense, was unsuitable. He was sent, in accordance with his father's socialist principles, to a stark local elementary school, and afterward to Cambridge, where he read chemistry, physics, and zoology, because those were the only subjects which had been available, at an advanced level, in his secondary school. As a result, Cambridge, which should have been a place of beauty and liberation, brought him only tedium and distasteful vanity.

Next he went to India, where he taught prospective clerks how to pass an examination in English literature. The futility of this exercise depressed him more than India itself uplifted him. Then, by great good luck, he was offered a job writing editorials for the *Manchester Guardian*. Under the aegis of its famous editor, C. P. Scott, he dispensed the pure milk of liberal platitude day by day. And some scales fell from his eyes.

Shaking off the dust of bourgeois society, he and Kitty took ship for the Soviet Union. He saw for himself the socialist utopia—the starvation, the cruelty, the utter disregard for truth: and he saw the infinite gullibility of Western intellectuals who believed everything the Communists told them. His dispatches were censored, not only by Soviet officials, but by the *Manchester Guardian* as well. He left Russia and arrived in Berlin just as the Nazi storm troopers were beginning their work.

He was finished, forever, with liberal platitudes and socialist utopias, with political solutions of any kind. He knew — and it is the main article of his faith—that there is no salvation in this world.



On this biographical thread Muggeridge hangs a glittering succession of anecdotes, epigrams, and meditations. To his recollections of C. P. Scott he adds, by way of analogy, a vitriolic account of a visit he made to the elderly Winston Churchill, a figure whom he considered equally overrated and despicable. The Webbs, Eleanor Roosevelt, Kingsley Martin, Lord Beveridge, and all such progressive persons remind him of a story he wrote as a child about a train going along very fast and, to the satisfaction of the passengers, racing through the small stations along the track without stopping. Their satisfaction, however, turned to dismay, and then to panic fury, when they realized it wasn't going to stop at their stations either. They raged and shouted and shook their fists, but all to no avail. The train went roaring on.

He has no time for men of power, in Washington or Downing Street or

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the Kremlin. "I have never seen authority," he says, "that did not give off a whiff of decay." He has no time for the liberators. "Never in human history have there been so many actual and potential liberators as in the last half-century, and so little liberation; so many and so loud shouts for freedom, and so much enslavement." He has no time for the social reformers. "Education aimed at producing literates for industry produces illiterates for anarchy. The more motorways the more accidents, the more psychiatrists the more lunacy; hypochondria burgeons with the health service, and delinquency with remedial prisons." All around he sees people determined to destroy themselves—and the rest of us too. "Just as the intelligentsia have been foremost in the struggle to abolish intelligence, so the great organs of capitalism like the *New York Times* have spared no expense or effort to ensure that capitalism will not survive." The perfect epitaph for the modern world, he says, was the label he once saw on a can of film: "Dawn for dusk."

Only in religion is there hope and satisfaction. "Animistic savages prostrating themselves before a painted stone have always seemed to me to be nearer the truth than any Einstein or Bertrand Russell." But this is not to say that we can turn to the twentieth century representatives of organized religion. "I have long been expecting an ecumenical pilgrimage to Marx's grave at Highgate Cemetery, led by a Salvation Army band, with the Archbishop of Canterbury well to the fore, and the Atheist International (there must be one; at any rate there's a branch at the BBC) bringing up the rear."

THIS detachment is reflected in his own life. He loves words but never wanted to be a literary man: he pursues God but never wanted to be a priest. "I have no regrets for masterpieces unwritten, for genius unfulfilled. . . . There are no human causes I wish I had served better, no wonders I wish I had seen, no women I wish I had seduced—or, for that matter, wish I had not seduced; no books I wish I had read, languages I wish I had learnt; no events whose outcome I wish I could know. I have never greatly cared for the world, or felt particularly at home in it."

Like all such anchorites, he tends to undervalue human institutions and worldly endeavors which, despite their faults, are not wholly lacking in nobility: and there is a certain lack of charity in his book. But most of his targets deserve what he says about them. He is, in every sense, on the side of the angels. And he can write. □

Sexual Suicide
By George F. Gilder
Quadrangle, 308 pp., $7.95

ON THE SEXUAL CONSTITUTION

MORTON A. KAPLAN

In a slashing attack on the excesses of the feminist movement, George Gilder shows how this offshoot of comforting liberalism fits the needs of those upper-middle-class "fat cats" who dominate such mutual-support societies. He trenchantly points out how the emphasis on feminine equality will interfere with the troubling, but urgently required, social task of fostering racial equality.

The essential core of Gilder's book is the assertion that there is a basic sexual constitution to society and that our effort to rationalize it out of existence will produce sexual suicide. Gilder argues that the feminine biological role is more essential than that of the male, that women exercise ultimate control over sexual access and reproduction, that the male requires some form of socially sanctioned supporting activity to justify his access, that the existence of a family cements his relationship to the female and to society, and that in the absence of this set of constraints the male will become highly insecure, extremely aggressive, and socially irresponsible.

This is an interesting and provocative thesis. As a counterpoint to the unisex myth and the belief that biology does not matter either in personal relationships or in the cementing of society, it almost surely points in the direction of truth. Neither man nor society is infinitely malleable. If we took a watch apart, few of us could figure how to put it back together so that it would run again. Although society is far more flexible than a watch, and can run, for better or worse, in many different ways, the example exemplifies a profound truth: that there are more ways for society to work badly or not at all than for it to work well or passably. The enthusiasm of the feminists for simple solutions is surpassed only by the general state of ignorance concerning the working of society.

Unfortunately for our state of mind, Mr. Gilder cannot simply be proclaimed the victor in the intellectual debate. His insights are often profound, his apothegms often brilliant, and his flair for argument strong. Yet one finds no humility on his part in the face of our enormous ignorance concerning society and politics. Every sentence is uttered with Jovian authority. Mr. Gilder even contradicts himself with authority, as in his early assertion that the male, unlike the female, requires constant sexual conquest and his later assertion that this behavior is produced in social situations that frustrate him and interfere with his sense of identity.

MR. GILDER is certainly not anti-intellectual, for his argument is reasoned. Yet, as with the feminists he attacks, one senses a desire to convert the reader rather than to engage his intellect. Are parts of the argument less well supported by evidence than others? Mr. Gilder does nothing to suggest that this might be the case. Might some of the arguments be dependent upon specific features of American society and not hold in other societies or cultures? No doubts of this type are allowed to trouble the flow of argument. The bibliography in the rear of the book is long, and, where Mr. Gilder does marshal evidence, he shows that he can read better and think more clearly than most of his opponents; on the whole, however, we are left more with Mr. Gilder's conclusions than with the analysis that produced them.

Surely there is a sense in which Mr. Gilder is correct about the epiphenomenal nature of most male activities. Perhaps we need to misappropriate Hegel's term "cunning" to explain this. Marching bands and flags attract enlistment in armies during war by arousing a desire for heroism. Only an abnormal personality would seek high political office, given its demands and responsibilities; moreover, such office probably emphasizes and strengthens the most abnormal aspects of human personality. In this sense, societies survive by conning men into desiring to en-

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gage in tasks and occupations that more cold-blooded analyses would disparage.

It is also true that most male occupations are boring and alienating and that few require the imagination, intelligence, and character that make motherhood a rewarding experience.

From an altitudinous point of view, the feminist attitudes make no sense. But, even if we accept the argument that the desire by important percentages of females to seek occupations previously defined as male rests on a fundamental misunderstanding of the real importance of different roles in society, no such intellectual arguments are likely to prevail as long as our current value structure leaves many women deeply dissatisfied in their current roles.

I agree with many of Mr. Gilder's incisive comments on the silliness of our current welfare system, on the inherent clash of interests between the feminine and racial movements, on the absurdity of the drug culture and the liberal response to it, on the dangers in the abortion movement—and not merely to the sexual constitution, as Mr. Gilder puts it, but to more fundamental values as well. But again these views are bound to be largely academic until we come to terms with those features of our current social system and value structure that produce these aberrations. Moreover although I also share Mr. Gilder's aversion to the fatuous Mr. J. Stanley Pottinger of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division and to the socially vicious measures the Federal Government is carrying out in its efforts to amend the sexual constitution, the anguish of those women who desire to hold positions for which they are fully equipped under the universalistic criteria of our society deserves deep sympathy. However much I doubt that the crisis of our society is entirely sexual in origin I do not doubt that we are suffering a deep trauma that is somehow related to our individualistic utilitarianism and to the shallowness of our conception of community. Mr. Gilder's book argues strongly against the damage that feminism will do to community, but treats sexuality in a narrow sense as the key variable. In this sense, it continues to indulge in the individualistic fallacy.

As a provocative polemic, designed to stimulate debate, Mr. Gilder's book is effective, and as social commentary, its insights touch deep wounds in our society. □

FICTION

Saint Jack
By Paul Theroux
Houghton, 247 pp., $5.95

TRAGICOMIC TRIUMPH

RENE KUHN BRYANT

A genuine tragicomic novel is a scarce commodity these days, almost as scarce as a true picaresque novel. Happily, Paul Theroux has managed in *Saint Jack* to revive and combine both forms —and with marvelous skill. The result is that rarest of all fiction in *any* day, a serious philosophical inquiry into some of life's larger questions which is borne barreling along by an irresistible narrative, lavished with wit and laced with feeling.

Theroux' rogue hero is Jack Flowers, a man, as he himself puts it, "with a tendency to board sinking ships." An inadvertent expatriate, Flowers began life as John Fiori, the son of an immigrant tailor in Boston's North End. At fifty, he finds himself a clerk in the office of a Chinese ship chandler in Singapore, supplementing a paltry salary by pimping. The gradual revelation of how Flowers came to be beached in Asia, and his transformation from dreaming drifter to cynical but somehow vulnerable hustler, is brilliantly staged by Theroux. The device he uses is a memoir, ostensibly written by Flower as a reflexive response to the sudden death of a man he had barely met and had heartily disliked, but with whom, inexplicably, he had been moved to identify himself. Rootless, unmarried, trying bravely to face down middle age, Flowers embarks on his story in hopes of translating the mysterious markings of his life into something comfortingly comprehensible.

Theroux' view of man's nature is wry and relentlessly penetrating. To people the gaudy, precarious world of *Saint Jack*, he has created dozens of interesting, amusing, entertaining, occasionally even horrifying characters. But in Jack himself Theroux has concentrated his vast powers as a novelist to fashion a figure who is extraordinarily complex, at once repulsive and appealing, funny and frightening, admirable and contemptible. Not the least of Jack's qualities is his cheerful clear-sightedness about his own motives. A career in pandering has provided him with a useful shrewdness in judging the motives of others. In addition he is a lively raconteur with no particular attachment to the truth and a good eye for detail. *Saint Jack* is studded with such observations as: "Demanding that food be sent back to the kitchen is a special skill. It is done with *panache* by people who use that word."

And what other whoremaster could categorize his clientele so neatly as Jack in this passage which is typical of his ruminative turn of mind: "The old-timers, I found, tended to prefer Malays, while the newcomers went for the Chinese, and the Malays preferred each other. The Chinese clients, of whom I had several, liked the big-boned Australian girls; Germans were fond of Tamils, and the English fellers liked anything young, but preferred their girls boyish and their women mannish. . . . Americans liked clean and sporty ones to whom they would give nicknames like 'Skeezix' and 'Pussycat' (the English made an effort to learn the girl's real name), and would spend a whole afternoon trying to teach one of my girls to swim in a hotel pool, although it was costing them $15 an hour to do it."

Eventually, however, even the most engaging of companions begins to pall when it is apparent that, after all, he has been merely weaving endless variations on a single theme. But just as Theroux' unwavering attention to sexuality in all its diverse and perverse forms threatens to become tiresome, he begins excavating the deeper levels of his meaning.

In a shift of tone so subtle one hears it first almost as an echo, Theroux faces

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Flowers, the practiced procurer, the studied amoralist, the buck-hungry hedonist, with a moral dilemma. It is a triumph of characterization that the reader can care fiercely that Flowers should make an honorable choice and can believe wholeheartedly that he does also. Suddenly then, a whole new range of questions arises. Flowers runs in Singapore, under a hidden subsidy from the U.S. Army, a Rest and Recreation villa for GIs on leave from the war in Vietnam; can this villa, Paradise Gardens, be read as a metaphor for the American military experience in Southeast Asia? Is Flowers himself to be taken as archetype American in Asia, redeemed at last by self-knowledge? No ready answers occur and certainly Theroux does not provide them. It is enough that he has raised questions sufficiently important and provocative that they linger in the corridors of memory long after one has turned the last page of this striking, powerful, and altogether admirable book. □

The Sovereign State of ITT
By Anthony Sampson
Stein and Day, 323 pp., $10

NOT SO SOVEREIGN

WILLIAM H. PETERSON

British journalist Anthony Sampson tells us "sovereign state" ITT is above controls and above morals, that, insidiously and cartel-like, it has some connection "with every industry and with every country," that here is the "Moby Geneen . . . leviathan secretly circling the world."

But consider the Chilean seizure of ITT's local telephone subsidiary. Like a hooked trout, ITT did attempt to dart and wiggle and escape from Allende's line, to protect its investment and 5,700 Chilean employees. After all, expropriation is tantamount to confiscation—to legalized and most immoral plunder. ITT in Chile was at gunpoint, fighting for its life.

One wonders what Sampson and those righteous senators up on the Hill would have done if they were in Mr. Geneen's shoes, if they were obligated by ITT shareholders to defend ITT's property.

Well, what about ITT's vaunted sovereignty in the San Diego Republican convention case? In 1971 ITT's Sheraton Hotels did contribute $100,000 and pledged an additional $100,000 on a matching basis to the San Diego Convention and Tourist Bureau in connection with efforts of that community to attract the 1972 Republican National Convention. Sampson dwells on this matter, implying that ITT agreed to contribute $400,000 to the Republican National Convention if it was held in San Diego.

The propriety of the contribution by ITT Sheraton was confirmed by the U.S. District Court for the Central District of California in May 1972 when it dismissed a complaint (*Brown* v. *ITT, et al.*) instituted by a Democratic state official, in which it was claimed that the contribution to the Bureau violated the Federal Corrupt Practices Act.

To be sure, in July 1971 ITT settled its antitrust litigation with the government under a consent decree prepared by Assistant Attorney General in Charge of Antitrust Richard McLaren. The decree was a giveaway, a payoff, charge Sampson and a raft of others.

Some giveaway! To get to keep Hartford Insurance, "sovereign state" ITT had to agree to the largest divestiture in antitrust history, and a ten-year ban on future major acquisitions. Gone at the stroke of a pen were Avis, Canteen, Levitt, and part of Grinnell (although as long as three years is allowed to complete the divestiture). Some payoff, some sovereignty.

Among the things Sampson does not understand are 1) the repercussions of interventionistic controls such as misapplied antitrust and 2) the sovereignty of the consumer. Sampson calls for more controls to deal with ITT and other conglomerates and multinational companies. He forgets that controls breed "government relations" and Dita Beards.

There is even a larger sovereignty that Sampson loses sight of—the sovereignty of the consumer. Consumer sovereignty—when not overturned by government intervention—thrives in the most participatory democracy of all, the free market. Consumer sovereignty democratically determines for ITT and every other producer what shall be produced, how much, and to a large extent who is to produce it and at what price.

Consider: The sovereign consumer shot down Ford's Edsel, Dupont's Corfam, GE's and RCA's computers. He would shoot down the U.S. Post Office if it were not protected as an absolute monopoly by law. Not so with ITT and other free enterprises. No one is required to buy a yard of ITT rayon, to rent an ITT hotel room, buy a loaf of ITT bread or anything else ITT produces. Against the consumer, giant ITT is anything but sovereign. Unless it toes the market line, ITT becomes RIP. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

How to Retire at 41, *by L. Rust Hills (Doubleday, 247 pp., $6.95).* L. Rust Hills is smart about everything that counts, like how to do four dumb tricks with a package of Camels, how to cut down on smoking and drinking quite so much, and how to know whether to get up and fix the way the television picture is rolling or wait and see if it fixes itself—all of which were chapter titles in his first book, *How to Do Things Right.* In that volume, Hills let loose a dominant, not particularly lovable persona called the Fussy Man, and now *How to Retire at 41,* the second entry in what will be the three-volume Fussy Man trilogy, has made its appearance. Thank God. We need all the Rust Hills advice we can get. What *How to Retire at 41* doesn't do is chart the way to what used to be called independence: "I discount this money business more or less entirely," Hills allows. "If you *really* wanted to quit work, you could do it tomorrow—you know you could." What it does do is live up to its subtitle: *Dropping Out of the Rat Race without Going Down the Drain.* Hills's central concern is the challenge of living a life of satisfying leisure in a society that really doesn't approve of idle 41-year-old men. Along the way, we get Hills's brilliant common sense on the ways in which rich kids and poor kids grow up better prepared for creative hanging out than middle class kids; on why people become writers; on the ultimately fatal laws of social life in retirement; on money ("everyone always spends as much as he makes"); and on life in general ("it's never *easy,* of course, to do anything *really* right"). Not that this book is all aphoristic charm. In the closing chapter, Hills and his several alter egos confront problems as painful in their own way as the gallstones that plagued Montaigne—whose thoughts, especially on retirement, illuminate this marvelous slim volume. One rejoices that the crowning glory of the series, *How to Be Good,* is promised for the near future.

D. BUTLER

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VAN DER KROEF

(Continued from page 1405)

east Asian nations will guarantee big power compliance, either with regional neutrality or with such limits and controls as could be imposed on "internationalized" participation in the economic development of the area. To rely on guarantees of good will from the big powers, Romulo says, is an end "hardly attainable within the purview of political realism."

Romulo's alternative shows considerable promise. The ASEAN nations have come far in a short time in achieving regional collective strength. Both through bilateral agreements among themselves, and through the ASEAN mechanism, steps have been taken to facilitate migration of labor, pool limited educational resources and training programs, mesh regional marketing and outside investment procedures, and establish joint patrolling of sensitive border areas and waterways to stop supplies from reaching Communist insurgents (e.g., along the Indonesian-Malaysian border in Borneo). Perhaps even more significant are the unmistakable growth of regional political consciousness and the recognition that, despite differences, Southeast Asia requires a common forum from which to address the rest of the world. The ASEAN organization has become that forum, and it is noteworthy that France recently decided to cut its contribution to SEATO in favor of a program of assistance to ASEAN to be disbursed through the association itself.

But serious fissures remain, frontier disputes and internal ethnic enmities among them. Above all there is the worry that North Vietnam, which has resisted all invitations even to attend ASEAN meetings, is bent on establishing hegemony directly or through its Party satrapies throughout Indochina. Southeast Asia by and large believes that the Paris agreement on Vietnam delayed both the movement of regional cooperation and the neutralization of Southeast Asia. The U.S. may have extricated itself from the ground war in Vietnam, but kantjil still faces the outlaw beast in his forest.

Then, too, whatever the euphoria over the Sino-American detente elsewhere, Southeast Asia is apprehensive over Peking's (and Hanoi's) plans for the region. While outside Southeast Asia the Chinese Communists appear to be on their best behavior, reestablishing diplomatic ties and participating with

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new zest for legitimacy in the affairs of the international community, within Southeast Asia itself there has been no letup in Peking's campaign to subvert her neighbors through infiltration of trained agents, arms, and even of her own troops. Hanoi has not changed its tactics either. A few months back, for example, the deputy governor of Thailand's Nakhon Phanom province, a hotbed of insurgency, reported that North Vietnamese had entered his province from neighboring Laos to lead units of the Thai Communist "liberation army." Whatever the chatter in certain U.S. academic circles about the USSR as a "countervailing force" in Asia "restraining" Hanoi and Peking in their expansionist ambitions, no one in Southeast Asia that I know of takes that seriously.

Perhaps the greatest disappointment to Southeast Asian leaders is that the big powers, including the United States, have not reacted concretely to various proposals on the future of the region. Whatever the suggestions of Malaysia's Tun Abdul Razak, Singapore's Lee Kuan Yew, or the Philippines' Romulo, the predictable failure of the Vietnam ceasefire agreement continues to focus all attention on the Indochina conflict. Like it or not, kantjil still doesn't know which way to jump to ensure his own survival. □

KALLIS

(Continued from page 1404)

that of an electronic device, but the principle is the same: Improve the efficiency, and you reduce the energy waste.

The problem, again, is with people, not technology. Exploitable energy surrounds us everywhere, had we the will to use it. Some of the problems are political (Europe and Africa could have vast amounts of hydroelectric power were they to dam up the pillars of Hercules, using the pressure difference

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

ARTHUR F. BURNS:

Reform of the Federal Budget

With the economy expanding vigorously, with inflation persisting stubbornly, with our balance of payments in serious trouble, with two devaluations of the dollar just behind us, we clearly cannot afford to continue large budget deficits.

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produced by evaporation from the Mediterranean to drive a vast number of hydroelectric turbines; the damming job would be scarcely more difficult than the digging of the Panama Canal, but, for now at least, politics would get in the way). But politics can be either external or internal. And regrettably, much of our internal politics of energy rests on questionable assumptions.

If we think of oil and coal as our only energy sources, we would seem to be in for trouble. But to think so is totally unrealistic, because there are so many other ways to obtain energy. All will take a little time (one does not build, say, a nuclear power station overnight), but it would be time well spent if invested soon.

Some may balk at such energy projects for selfish reasons (someone with heavy interest in fossil fuel might not welcome a tidal generating station, and nuclear power plants face the not-in-*my*-back-yard-you-don't syndrome); but I rather suspect that a lot of the opposition comes from those who would just prefer not to think of technological progress. Who perhaps echo Theotocopulous of H. G. Wells' *The Shape of Things to Come*, who cries, "We mean to put an end to this inhuman foolery!" Or who wish that things could remain stable for some indefinite time.

Energy, like pollution, population, or anything else, can become a critical problem. But only if we let it. We can sit back and think of energy in classical terms of oil, gas, and coal, just as our ancestors once thought of it in terms of horses, oxen, and men. But if we wish to progress, we had better broaden our vision a little. Because even if we don't, someone else is bound to. □

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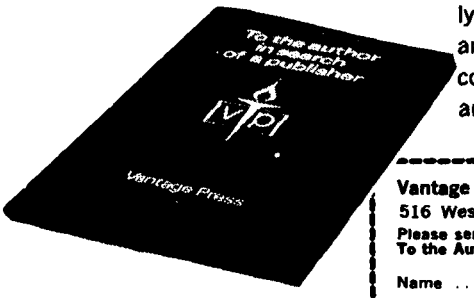

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Mr. Nixon's Energy Saving Plan

New York, Dec. 4—It is most often objected to a rise in the price of gasoline and fuel oil that it "favors the rich." This is like saying that wealth favors the rich, which it indisputably does. The millionaire, in order to avoid the cold weather, can fly to Rio de Janeiro. It must be driven home, and driven home again, that the proper way to cope with shortages that are inconvenient in character, as distinguished from physical shortages that justify subsistence rationing, is through the price mechanism. It is demagogic and superficial to conclude that this is the course of action that "favors" the rich. The rich, as I have suggested, can look after themselves. They will always be able to get the gas they need by very simply buying it at whatever price the black market commands.

Consider President Nixon's two most conspicuous proposals designed to lower the consumption of gasoline. We are all supposed to drive at speeds of 50 miles per hour or less. Now the public tends to think of that as perfectly reasonable. When a categorical proposal is made, the human tendency is to try it out on oneself, and if the proposed inconvenience is not inordinate, then the suggestion is not unacceptable. But there are people in the United States for whom the difference between driving 50 mph and 70 mph is the difference between getting home at night—a major personal objective—and not getting home. In 1942, Governor Coke Stevenson announced calmly that the sovereign state of Texas would not abide by the most recent ukase of President Roosevelt that in order to save tires and rubber no one could drive faster than 35 mph. "Why won't you go along?" a young man asked him. "Because, son, in Texas if you drive 35 miles per hour, you don't ever arrive."

Mr. Nixon wants legislation forcing the gas stations to close between 9 P.M. Saturday and midnight Sunday. It happens I could not myself care less, owning as I do a weekend car that fetches me thirty miles to the gallon and which, over the four years I have owned it, has logged a grand total of 14,000 miles. But what about the family that plans, during their vacation, to take the children and visit Yellowstone Park, why should they not be permitted to decide that they will splurge on that particular trip? Are they supposed to camp down at a local motel on Sunday morning, waiting for the gas stations to reopen? They talk of going further, to carless Sundays. What about those who take their simple pleasure in a Sunday afternoon drive?

It is revealing that the only problem that apparently deters the bureaucratic mind from ordaining that which people may and may not do in all matters is the practical problem. Mr. Nixon tells us we should keep the heat in our houses down to 68 degrees. If not . . . if not, what? Why, if not, you will run out toward the end of winter. Well, the lady who needs, or desires, a hot room for perfectly private neurotic or metabolical reasons, will perhaps continue to heat her house to 73 degrees, and when she runs out of fuel, will stay the balance of the winter with her daughter —surely that is for her to work out? Clearly, if it were practical, the White House would order all thermostats set to 68, even as it is prepared to order all motorists not to exceed 50 mph. It is only the mechanical problem that stops them from putting governors in our cars, our houses—and our lives.

WE'RE to have no ornamental lighting. Why don't they tell us that, at the restaurants, we cannot order well-done steak? I can hear it now . . . "If you order your hamburgers rare, that will save 125,000 barrels of fuel per day, or enough to heat 600,000 homes." It happens that little lights don't use very much fuel, and that Christmas lights are the source of great spiritual and aesthetic joy for some people, as for some onlookers. Are we really going to call the policeman to douse the lighted cross outside the family farm in Vermont?

But, you say—there isn't enough to go around. Right, and there aren't enough steaks to go around. So the price of steak goes up, and people eat less of it. But by God if you want to eat a huge steak at four o'clock on Sunday morning, and that's how you want to spend that extra $5, Big Brother hasn't yet told you you can't do it. Perhaps it's because it hasn't occurred to him. □

POSTAL COLLAPSE *New York*, Dec. 12 —An eye doctor, preparing his patient for a serious operation on cataracts, sent her instructions on how to prepare for the surgery, what blood tests and what-have-you she needed to go through, and what diet she should adhere to. The letter was posted in New York City, addressed to Sharon, Connecticut one hundred miles away. The letter arrived nine days later, two days before the operation. A New Yorker with a country home filled out a petition for variance. The law requires that he furnish the zoning board with a registered letter dated at least two weeks before the hearing date. Accordingly, he sent the forms allowing seven days for them to reach Stamford, Connecticut 35 miles away. The letter arrived 19 days later. An investor, filling out a form instructing his broker on the handling of a highly volatile stock, put it in the mail. The broker received it six days later. The broker's office is less than one mile away.

As the saying goes, something ought to be done about it. Nothing is more infuriating, in the present climate, than to see those bureaucratic reminders by the Post Office, enjoining us to use the ZIP Code. Presumably without the ZIP, a letter from New York to Stamford could take 38 days, instead of a mere 19. The only instruction I would take seriously from the Post Office these days is the recommendation that I deliver my own mail.

One wonders: Why is it so much worse even than it used to be? As usual, there have been inquiries by congressional committees, reports from the Rand Corporation, and articles in the *Reader's Digest*. But it gets worse. It was anticipated that the Post Office reorganization would succeed in taking the politics out of the Post Office. Perhaps it has, and it may be that, just as John Lindsay's taking bossism away from New York resulted in a uniform deterioration of New York services, it

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is so with the Post Office as well. It defies the natural order of things, but could it be that by making the mayor's sister-in-law the postmistress, you get better service than by putting someone in there from the meritocracy?

Or is it—and it is this I suspect—a true collapse in morale? I do not tire of calling attention to Walker Percy's novel *Love in the Ruins*. It is, apart from the splendor of the imagination and the brilliance of the wit, a morphological report on a society—our own—that breaks down. A society in which the faucets don't quite close, the hoses leak, the sidewalks are weedy, the telephone operators don't answer: and, of course, the mail strays in nonchalantly, without reasonable or consistent reference to when or whence it was dispatched. It must require studied inattention for a letter to take 19 days to go 35 miles, at a speed much—but much—less than it would require if the postman who delivered it had walked all the way. The old motto of the Post Office, about delivering under the worst circumstances, appears now as a period piece, this being an age in which firemen strike, and teachers, and subwaymen, and hospital workers. No inefficiency can be so abjectly offensive: It has got to be demoralization. For which, eschewing the drastic antidemocratic cure, there is only one tonic, and that is, of course, competition.

It is simply unjustified to permit the Post Office to continue to monopolize the handling of first class mail. Privately run package delivery services already exist, and their performance, by contrast with that of the Post Office, is exemplary. They get it there faster, with less breakage, and cheaper. It is time now for the Congress to accost the mail situation, and to prepare legislation that would permit anybody who desires to do so, to collect and deliver mail: using Post Office facilities where convenient, for a nominal rental. And it is time for an enterprising organization to come forward with a plan. If one doesn't come up soon, I'll fill the breach. □

BYRNE-ELLSBERG-NIXON

New York, Dec. 8—A fortnight ago I addressed a letter to Judge William Matthew Byrne. "Here," I said to the judge who presided over the trial of Daniel Ellsberg and then aborted it suddenly last April, "is what I, a nonlawyer, want to know. In the general fuss about Nixon and the Watergate Ethos, it has by now been quite commonly accepted that John Ehrlichman's approach to you, that day when he took you to the top of the mountain and showed you the FBI, was an attempt to suborn you in some unspecified way. What I want to speculate on is why that way is unspecified. What, concretely, could Ehrlichman et al. have expected from you? That you would direct the jury to a guilty verdict? That you would publicly scorn Ellsberg's motives? That you would cite Ellsberg's lawyers for contempt?

"I am making a serious inquiry. I can understand the mechanics of bribing public officials, let's say, to cover up, to decline to expose a man to a grand jury, or to prosecute. But I am unaware just what a sitting judge presiding over a highly publicized trial can actually *do* in order to distort justice. If you could enlighten me on this matter, abstractly or particularly, I'd be grateful. I intend to speculate out loud in my column on the point and could do so much more authoritatively with your help."

Alas, I must speculate without Judge Byrne's help, because he has not replied.

Years ago there was a judge in New York State called Townsend Scudder. Lawyers used to marvel at how, without committing any transgression you could put your finger on, he managed to convey to the jury exactly what verdict he thought it appropriate that the jury should reach. He was a hanging-judge type, and his penalties were severe, though not perverse. But the record always showed that in his dealings with the defendant during the trial he appeared to be scrupulously neutral, not to say affable. Even so, Scudder always got his man.

Was it suspected by John Ehrlichman—is this the version we are all accepting?—that Judge Byrne disposes of the skills of Townsend Scudder? Do we fancy a meeting of the top team at the White House at which it was said: Byrne is the kind of man who can midwife any verdict he wants. So therefore let's go to Byrne and bribe him into bringing about the kind of decision we want in the Ellsberg case?

Or is it even easier than that? Does it perhaps require no particular skill in courtroom orchestration? Can any old judge cause a jury to bring in any old verdict? If the latter is the case, then we have a great deal to worry about that, for once, has nothing whatever to do with Watergate. If jury verdicts are merely the instruments of a judge who subliminally manages them, then surely we ought to be much more greatly concerned than we are about the corruptibility, if not the corruption, of American justice.

Judge Byrne's reaction, in the Ellsberg case, was really quite extraordinary. Normally the remedy, when the government has tainted evidence, is to refuse to admit it. As it happened, the government didn't have any tainted evidence. Not because the plumbers didn't try to get it. But because it happened that Ellsberg's psychiatrist's files were not sitting there, waiting for burglars to rifle them. No, Byrne threw the case out of court for appearance's sake.

The fact that a representative of the President had approached Byrne about taking a high post in government was transformed by Byrne into a reason for giving Ellsberg immunity. It might be said that Byrne was immunizing himself against possible charges of corruption by the manipulation of Ellsberg. Not by maneuvering to make Ellsberg guilty—by the use of techniques which I repeat are unspecified and perhaps unspecifiable—but by maneuvering, which no one denies a judge has the power to do, to throw a case out of court.

It was not, in my judgment, a very noble thing to do. The service of justice requires alike conviction and exoneration, depending on the factual situation. As between the two, neither is to be abstractly preferred—and neither should be chosen for extraneous reasons. Ellsberg should not have been convicted because Nixon disliked him. And Ellsberg should not have gone free because Byrne dislikes Nixon. Or because Byrne was afraid that people would draw suspicious conclusions about his behavior.

If you reflect on it, you see that the passionate suspicion of the Nixon Administration causes great distortions in judgment and recklessly hasty conclusions. It is my own opinion that Ehrlichman's approach to Byrne had nothing to do with Ellsberg, and I invite demonstrations of my naiveté in so concluding. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. SMITH CARS (anagram) — 38 2 18 80 122 126 183 11 31

B. A period of relaxation — 43 8 190 88 112 30 41

C. One who designs buildings and superintends their construction — 61 105 143 132 174 1 90 93 9

D. British physicist (1871-1937) — 74 168 115 118 162 165 22 49 56 65

E. Where Turkish seapower was destroyed, 1571 — 87 10 35 129 151 12 91

F. Town in Ontonagon County, Michigan — 100 113 186 169

G. When Man was created — 103 152 72 13 94 170 138 47

H. A strip of unplowed land marking the boundary between two fields — 130 75 48 54 83

I. Novel by Dostoevsky (1866) (fol. *The*) — 179 142 57 21 153

J. WE YEARN (anagram — 141 171 99 154 15 158 106

K. A short, simple song — 157 134 42 19 124

L. German composer (1833-1897) — 16 145 140 77 60 32

M. Essential nature — 51 120 76 33 82 159

N. The first nation overrun by Communism — 81 164 69 27 146 66

O. Opening at the upper part of the larynx — 121 36 107 50 136 127 147

P. Expensive equipment for baby — 144 37 181 20 128 116 84 188 161

Q. The old Roosevelt home — 173 14 17 28 44 55 64 71 97 102

R. A power or process of *transforming* something common into samething precious — 184 70 23 176 78 34 67

S. A college in Illinois at city of same name — 25 52 131 4 92 156 95 172

T. Parts of gloves or mittens — 63 24 108 123 79 163

U. A choral response sung at the beginning of a religious service — 68 109 98 133 167 39 148

V. A temporary expedient — 137 189 45 5 58 178 149 53 40

W. Man's name — 3 110 29 26 7

X. This can be cheap (or expensive) — 86 114 187 59

Y. A type of coffee — 96 85 62 117 150 180 155

Z. Give aid or help — 160 135 125 119 182 175

a. What William II of England was called — 166 104 89 73 139

b. Town in Calhoun County, Iowa — 6 111 177 185 46 101

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1372 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 C	2 A	3 W		4 S	5 V	6 b	7 W	8 B	9 C	10 E		11 A	12 E		13 G	14 Q	15 J
	16 L	17 Q	18 A	19 K	20 P		21 I	22 D		23 R	24 T	25 S	26 W	27 N	28 Q		29 W	30 B
31 A		32 L	33 M	34 R	35 E	36 O	37 P	38 A	39 U	40 V	41 B		42 K	43 B	44 Q		45 V	46 b
47 G	48 H	49 D	50 O	51 M		52 S	53 V		54 H	55 Q	56 D	57 I	58 V	59 X	60 L	61 C	62 Y	
63 T	64 Q	65 D	66 N	67 R		68 U	69 N		70 R	71 O	72 G	73 a	74 D	75 H		76 M	77 L	78 R
	79 T	80 A	81 N	82 M	83 H		84 P	85 Y	86 X		87 E	88 B	89 a	90 C		91 E	92 S	
93 C	94 G	95 S	96 Y	97 Q	98 U		99 J	100F	101b	102O		103G	104a	105C	106J	107O	108T	109U
110W	111b	112B		113F	114X	115D	116P		117Y	118D	119Z	120M	121O	122A		123T	124K	125Z
126A	127O	128P	129E	130H		131S	132C	133U	134K	135Z	136O	137V	138G	139a		140L	141J	142I
	143C	144P	145L	146N	147O	148U	149V	150Y	151E	152G	153I	154J		155Y	156S	157K	158J	159M
	160Z	161P	162D		163T	164N	165D	166a	167U	168D	169F	170G	171J	172S		173Q	174C	175Z
176R		177b	178V	179I	180Y	181P	182Z		183A	184R	185b	186F	187X	188P	189V	190B		

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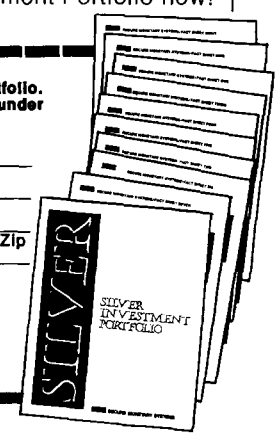

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